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Pactomania

NATO, SEATO, METO; No

Not through pacts will freedom grow.

► THE REMARKABLE military success of the Nazis early in the second World War were caused in part by the false sense of security which their adversaries derived from the existence of the Maginot Line. France and her allies thought that German aggression could be forestalled or, if need be, contained by a presumably invincible system of fortifications. This proved to be a dangerous delusion (and would have been one even had the Line been completed). At the present time the West is again falling victim to a comparable delusion. Only now we are not seeking security behind the concrete slabs and the barbed wire of fortresses, but rather behind the tangled web of military alliances. The psychology of the Maginot Line has been replaced by Pactomania.

The success, so far, of NATO in containing Soviet military power in Europe has led Western leaders to seek similar alliances elsewhere. Hence the emergence of the South East Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) and the Middle East Treaty Organization (METO).

SEATO has just concluded its second annual conference at Karachi. It will be recalled that the pact grew out of the need, felt particularly by Western powers, for the halting of Communist expansion in Asia (and perhaps also out of the need for a diplomatic success for Mr. Dulles after the EDC fiasco and before the 1954 U.S. midterm elections). SEATO was to achieve in Asia what NATO achieved in Europe. From the beginning, however, there were many misgivings about the treaty: of its eight members only three—Pakistan, Thailand and the Philippines—were Asian countries; most Asian states, and notably India, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia were unwilling to join any military alliance, indeed some were deeply suspicious of the treaty; there were really no military teeth in the treaty, therefore inviting the Chinese barb that it was a "paper tiger"; SEATO's emphasis on anti-subversive activities was feared as a possible cloak for the suppression of progressive ideas and movements among the members; the treaty emphasized military problems which enjoy a low order of priority among most Asians compared with economic, political (anti-colonial) and social issues; it was likely to increase Chinese fear of the West, thus strengthening Sino-Soviet ties. In short, the critics of SEATO thought for a variety of reasons that it would not improve the situation of the non-communist states, while even further reducing Western prestige and popularity in Asia.

The recent conference claims for SEATO a noteworthy contribution to the maintenance of peace and to the deterrence of aggression. This boast will be questioned by most observers of Asian affairs. At any rate the moment the conference abandoned generalities and turned to specific issues, trouble developed. The announcement that SEATO members affirm the need of an early settlement of the Kashmir question brought forth a violently unfavourable reaction in India. It is also known that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, among others, was opposed to the whole business. Surely, increased tension between Pakistan and India, between the latter and the United States, which was falsely blamed for the Kashmir resolution, and between Mr. Lloyd and the Pakistanis cannot be interpreted as strengthening the non-communist countries, or as a deterrent to aggression.

A number of organizational changes were announced, enlarging somewhat its bureaucracy but not materially increasing SEATO's strength: a Permanent Secretariat is to be established, a Research Service is to prepare reports on communist activities, a Public Relations Office is to be expanded, a Cultural Office created and an (!) economic officer appointed. These changes are likely to make us hear more about SEATO, but they do not impress one as contributing much to the solution of a single important Asian problem.

SEATO, as a military alliance, is an outgrowth of the mis-
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Current Comment

The Middle East and British Politics

The rot set in, the old guard would say, with the abdication of power in India. Then came the "scuttle" of Abadan, the "abandonment" of Suez, the revolt in Cyprus, the snub from Jordan and the challenge from Egypt.

The sequence is right, but their basic assumption is wrong. Britain never has been a thoroughly imperial power in the Middle East. She has held strategic positions but not vast possessions. When India gained her independence a chain reaction was bound to happen. But it has not been a rot. It has been the inevitable transposition of power. The pity is that, with the diminishing of her influence, Britain has been unable to create a new kind of relationship in that part of the world.

Could she have done so? Could a Labor government which gave power to India have found a peaceful solution in Cyprus? Would a Labor government have tried to force Jordan into the Baghdad pact and brought upon itself the deeper suspicions of Egypt and the "studied affront" of Glubb's dismissal?

The answer probably is that three factors would have made it impossible for any British government to draw in its line without a hitch. The first is the simple fact of Israel's existence. Created with the help of the western powers, supported by them, it unavoidably sloughs on to them the animosity felt for Israel by the Arab world. The second is the threat, real or suspect, of communist penetration. The third is that Britain's standard of living, as well as her strategy, is tied closely to Middle East oil. Any government could have been shaken by the grating together of these facts.

The replacement of Glubb Pasha is not an isolated phenomenon. It is the unavoidable consequence of these three factors. The Arab Legion, with British leaders and British subsidies, was acceptable to the Jordanians for the assurance it gave them at the thought of a possible Israeli attack. But, with Egyptians receiving arms from behind the Iron Curtain, with an influx of Palestinian Arab refugees into the Legion itself, with Glubb restraining it from retaliation against alleged Israeli raids and even using it to suppress riots caused by General Templer's attempt to bring Jordan into the Baghdad pact, the final act was almost sure to come soon. Would it have helped if there had been an earlier plan to withdraw British personnel but to continue British aid of a military or an economic kind? Almost certainly.

The deportation of the Archbishop from Cyprus was a good deal less inevitable than the events in Jordan, but once the deeper issue which was not colonialism but a matter of Greco-Turkish struggle became entangled with Britain's need to replace Suez with Cyprus as a military base from which to guard her oil routes, the situation worsened and blood was drawn. Again, would it have helped if a British Government had said something other than the statement of its Colonial Secretary in the summer of 1954 that Cyprus could never be allowed self-determination? Almost certainly.

Whether one British Government would have done better than another, both major parties have made it clear that they could have done a good deal more if they could have relied on their friends. While the United States allows itself the luxury of an out-dated suspicion of British colonialism, Saudi Arabia can use the money from American oil interests to persuade Jordan that the Arab world will look after the

Legion, make it strong against Israel and relieve it of British influence. If, because of the tripartite agreement, an attack on Israel brought America into action against the Arabs, the whole situation would assume the shape of grim fantasy.

Apart from whether another British government would have acted differently, the question persists in Britain: will another government get a chance to do differently now? Is it possible that, within the Conservative majority, a body of dissidents who disapproved of the dismantling of Suez would join with those who deplore the deportation of Makarios and those who just do not want Eden, to overthrow the government? Nothing so drastic is likely. It has been known for a British Prime Minister to resign the premiership, go to the House of Lords and reappear as his successor's foreign secretary. It could happen again. And the successor? Mr. Butler's stock has not risen again to its former heights. He will regain them, without a doubt. The question is whether he will do so before the acute Mr. Macmillan, the charmer of garden parties and a firm-handed Chancellor, makes his bid for the leadership.

If the pressure for a change of leaders persists, it will be aided by a new-found sense of direction in the foreign policy of the Labor opposition. Mr. Gaitskill has added to his stature in his forceful handling of foreign affairs and even Mr. Bevan made a restrained and telling speech in a vital debate—both on Middle East matters. The situation there has sharpened the striking power of Labor and deeply unsettled the Conservatives. The fates of Jordan and Eden are joined.

G. H.

Israel, the Arabs, and the West

The evasive statements emanating from London and Washington (and, for that matter, from Ottawa) on Arab-Israel hostilities strike a painfully familiar note. All the old bromides about the risk of "setting the Middle East aflame," the "futility of arms races," and the "need for compromises by both sides" are being trotted out again in a manner reminiscent of the years that saw the collapse of the British Mandate in Palestine, the birth of Israel, and the first round of Arab aggression against the new state. Western fears of "driving the Arab world into the arms of the Axis powers" have been replaced by fears of Communist influence. The well-worn phrases of Western diplomats simply conceal realities and disguise a policy of drift the net effect of which is to aid the Arabs at the expense of Israel without reducing the very real dangers of Soviet penetration.

These are the realities which the West cannot afford to forget:

1. The Arabs want to destroy the state of Israel and to exterminate every Jew "from Dan to Beersheba." As long

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as the possibility of their being able to do so exists, they will blackmail the West with threats of drawing closer to the Soviet bloc. One has only to read Cairo's government-controlled press or listen to a few speeches by Arab officials to recognize that destruction of Israel is their aim: talk about the aggressive designs of World Zionism, whose tentacles allegedly reach into Whitehall and the Pentagon, alternates with whining about the plight of the Palestine refugees in Jordan and the abandonment of the 1947 UN Resolutions on Partition, which the Arabs themselves made into a dead letter by waging war on Israel.

2. The Arabs must be assured of absolute military superiority before they will attack. The Prague-Cairo arms deal gives them the chance to attain this. It also enables Communist technicians to enter Egypt in large numbers to show their customers how to use the new military equipment. As long as Israel is denied the right to purchase arms for defence from the United States, Great Britain, and Canada, both the probability of war and the penetration of Communist cadres will increase.

3. The best way to avert war is for the West to sell Israel defensive weapons—anti-aircraft guns, anti-tank guns, and jet fighter-planes matching the speed of Egypt's Soviet MIG's. These are the only kinds of weapons Israel has asked for anyway. President Eisenhower's recent remarks on the futility of an arms race in view of the demographic disparity between the two sides makes little sense. What has the West been doing vis-a-vis the Soviet-Chinese bloc for the last ten years? The idea that arms races automatically lead to war is a quasi-pacifist myth that is as false when applied to small powers as when applied to great ones.

In addition to arming Israel, the West ought to restate unambiguously the guarantee of existing frontiers that is implicit in the Tripartite Declaration of 1950. By itself such a guarantee is insufficient to avert war—with Soviet planes and tanks the Arab nations could overrun Israel and destroy its cities before the West could intervene.

4. Israel is, after all, a small country counting for little in the world balance. Sentiment and principle aside, might it not be wise for the West to protect its basic interests in the Middle East by buying Arab support through passive acquiescence in Israel's destruction? Advisers are clearly urging this course upon their governments in both London and Washington. The trouble is that it was followed before without notable success by Great Britain during the period of enforcement of the 1939 White Paper on Palestine which in effect rescinded the Balfour Declaration. Whitehall's flagrant pro-Arab sympathies failed to prevent most Arab leaders from actively or passively supporting the Nazis in World War II.

Today the Soviets can easily outbid the West in support of Arab aims with respect to Israel. Surely by now it ought to be obvious that appeasement of dictators like Nasser, who is really a Levantine Mussolini, only leads to further disasters. A second Arab war against Israel might result in the establishment of "people's democracies" in Syria and Jordan, especially if the Arab armies faced a stiff fight, which all observers agree they would. Nasser wouldn't like this, even if his own regime survived a war, but by then it would be too late.

The fact is that the power of the sheiks, monarchs, and landed oligarchies who are about the only remaining pro-Western elements in the Arab world is tottering in Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia. In Egypt their counterparts have been replaced by a modern-minded nationalist dictatorship, which would probably be neutralist and anti-Western even if Israel did not exist. Egypt's example may soon be followed in the other Arab countries. Nasser

knows this, which is why he is taking the lead in promoting a Holy War against Israel, a project which will unite temporarily the pan-Islamic fanatics, the feudal and military oligarchs, and the Arab nationalists who are strongly attracted by Soviet models and susceptible to Communist infiltration.

The West can probably do very little to check the spread of Soviet influence in the Middle East without drastically reversing its military and diplomatic policies towards the area. But to look the other way while the Arabs plot to attack Israel—indeed, actively to help them by shipping arms to Syria, Iraq, and Jordan, while imposing an embargo on arms to Israel—is to play into the hands of Nasser and, more important, of Khrushchev.

Finally, even if the Arabs could be bought off, are the stakes really big enough to justify such a sacrifice of principle? The physical existence of every Jew in Palestine is threatened. Has the West sufficient moral capital to stand by and murmur about oil and cold war priorities while the only stable democracy in the Middle East, a state which is the realization of an exceedingly lofty dream, is faced with destruction?

DENNIS H. WRONG.

Canadian Calendar

● Premier Smallwood of Newfoundland announced on Feb. 15, that a 680-mile strip dotted with rich pockets of uranium minerals has been found stretching from the coast of Labrador, 85 miles into the interior.

● Sales of new motor vehicles soared to an all-time high of \$1,255,546,000 in 1955—an increase of \$266,000,000 over 1954, mainly caused by a sharp jump in sales of new passenger cars, which increased from 310,546 to 386,937.

● Winners of the Governor-General's Awards for Canadian Literature for 1955 are: Fiction, *The Sixth of June*, by Lionel Shapiro; Creative Non-Fiction, *Man's Emerging Mind*, by N. J. Berrill; Academic Non-Fiction, *John A. Macdonald, The Old Chieftain*, by Donald C. Creighton; Poetry, *Friday's Child*, by Wilfrid Watson; Juvenile, *The Map-Maker*, by Kerry Wood.

● At Laval University in Quebec, under the direction of the Very Rev. Georges Henri Levesque of the Faculty of Social Sciences, a group of young professors has begun a monumental five-year research project into unexplored aspects of recent and contemporary evolution of Quebec Province and its people in the light of modern social, political and economic sciences. The project has received a grant of \$130,000 from the Carnegie Corporation to enable it to carry out the investigation.

● The Government's plan for assisting the building of the Trans-Canada gas pipeline was condemned on Feb. 27 by the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada and the Canadian Congress of Labor as a "gigantic give-away of a priceless and irreplaceable natural resource" to U.S. interests.

● A draft Canada-Russian trade agreement was concluded at Ottawa late in February and sent to the Governments of the two countries for their approval.

● British Columbia has by far the highest divorce rate among the provinces of Canada—113 per 100,000 of population in 1955. Alberta had 58 per 100,000, Ontario 43, Quebec 8.8. Newfoundland had the lowest rate with only one divorce in 1955.

● Sales of TV sets and radios in Canada started out at a slower rate than in 1955. The January 1956 TV set sales figure was 52,514 compared with 55,760 in January 1955.

● On the suggestion of the Bank of Canada, the chartered banks agreed last November to keep in the form of liquid assets a ratio of 15 per cent of their deposits, calculated on a monthly basis, as a measured deflationary pressure in case the national economy shows signs of expanding too rapidly.

● Profits of Canada's chartered banks, after provision for income taxes, contingency reserves and depreciation, totalled \$37,264,000 in 1954-55, up \$4,232,000 from 1953-54.

● The Canadian Government has expressed to Washington, its concern over proposed legislation in several American states, which would shut Canadian-controlled breweries and their products out of those states, External Affairs Minister Pearson stated on March 15.

● Premier Duplessis announced later in February that Quebec Province will accept federal payments under the new federal-provincial tax-sharing plan announced by Prime Minister St. Laurent.

● Russia has agreed to buy a minimum of 44,000,000 bushels and a maximum of 56,000,000 bushels of wheat from Canada during the next three years. Czechoslovakia will take from 3,690,000 to 11,010,000 bushels. Orders are also expected from Poland and other European countries as a result of the severe winter in Europe.

● Canada's gross national product for 1955, reached the record figure of \$26,600,000,000, ten per cent above 1954. Wages and salaries were about 7 per cent above the 1954 level. Investment income was up 20 per cent, while corporation profits rose by 24 per cent.

● Maj.-Gen. Leo R. LaFlèche, formerly minister of national war services (1942-45) and more recently Canadian Ambassador to Argentina, died in Montreal on March 7 at the age of 67.

● The fourth annual Stratford Shakespearean Festival will take place from June 18 to August 18. The two major plays will be *Henry V* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Other attractions will include Benjamin Britten's opera, *The Rape of Lucretia*, Molière farce by the Theatre du Nouveau Monde, and musical concerts.

● Senator Iva Campbell Doyle Fallis, the only woman ever to sit on the Conservative side of Canada's Upper House, died at Peterborough on March 7.

● Plans for the expansion of Carleton College in Ottawa, envisage 30 buildings, providing facilities for 6,000 students on a 130-acre site during the next 75 years. Claude Bissell, vice-president of the University of Toronto, will become president of the Ottawa institution on July 1.

● Canadian financial aid to foreign countries since the end of the Second World War, now totals more than \$4,000,000,000. Nearly half of this has been given away; the rest is represented by loans.

● According to an official of the Co-operative Association of Mink Ranchers in Newfoundland, that province will be within five years, the leading producer of mink in Canada.

● The Town of Aklavik, North-West Territories, which was established on permafrost in 1912, has been forced to find a new location 25 air miles east, on gravel and ice instead of silt and ice.

● The Earl of Bessborough, Governor-General of Canada, 1931-35, died at his home at Stansted Park, Hampshire, on March 10, at the age of 75. He was the founder of the Bessborough award for the winners of the Dominion Drama Festival.

● Consumer prices' indexes declined during January in nine regional cities, rising slightly in the tenth.

● Canadian imports from the U.S., in January, increased 29 per cent to \$295,000,000 from \$228,000,000 a year ago. Exports to U.S. were up 18 per cent to \$217,000,000 from \$183,000,000. Result: an adverse Trade balance for Canada of \$78,000,000, in January 1956, against \$45,000,000, in January 1955. Total trading with the world produced an import balance of \$39,000,000, compared with an export balance of \$3,000,000 a year ago.

● The University of Western Ontario will open its sixth annual exhibition of master paintings on March 24. This year it will feature Italian paintings from the 14th to the 18th centuries.

● Operation of the Canadian National Railways, produced a surplus of \$10,717,689 in 1955, after the payment of fixed charges.

● The farm-value of Canada's 1955 wheat crop is estimated at \$556,270,000, more than \$200,000,000 higher than the \$349,570,000 value for the 1954 crop.

● Dividend payments by Canadian companies in March, total \$69,462,456 compared with \$61,215,206, a year ago and \$60,708,135 for March 1954. Cumulative total for first quarter of \$168,441,762 is up from \$151,370,716 and \$144,350,918 respectively for same periods of 1955 and 1954.

On Travelling South

Gerald Pratley

"I am a man, and whatever concerns humanity is of interest to me"

—Terence

► GOING TO FLORIDA seems to be considered by many Canadians as a most glamorous, gay, and sophisticated adventure. Impressions come to mind of living in luxurious hotels, splashing in blue swimming pools, surf-riding, sun-bathing, enjoying the company of beautiful girls, being served drinks by courteous waiters and soothed by romantic music on moonlit nights.

This is the popular conception of Florida and the South, and one cannot help but feel dismayed when persons considering themselves educated and humane travel there and profess not to be affected by the atmosphere of sadness which pervades North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, and Louisiana—a sadness that comes from the suffering of a race of people who have endured years of suppression, intolerance, and discrimination.

A statement such as this usually brings an uncomfortable shrug of the shoulders and the comforting reply that "things are much better now," followed by the somewhat puzzling philosophy that we cannot expect too much and should now accept the situation as being satisfactory because it is "better than it was."

"These things take a long time" and, "it is not our business and can only be settled by the people of the South" are other familiar replies used by many individuals as an excuse to remain unconcerned about the matter to the extent that they save their consciences with them and come to believe that "because things are better" they are now good enough.

One of the most oft-quoted examples of this "better life" for the colored people is the recent Supreme Court order that segregation in schools must end. But a trip to the South reveals that few, if any, southern states have any intention of heeding the decree, some openly stating that they

will run their schools as they have always done in the past.

Thus we find that were it not for the gallant and tireless efforts of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which will have to fight long and expensive court cases to get the Supreme Court order obeyed, conditions would remain exactly the way they are. In Louisiana for example, the Attorney-General received a grant of \$100,000 to hire lawyers to assist parish school boards in attempts to evade the U.S. Supreme Court Ruling. The state universities, Mississippi, South Carolina, Georgia, and, it is believed, Florida, still refuse to admit Negroes in spite of court orders.

And old superstitions die hard, if at all. In a Richmond, Virginia, newspaper a school teacher wrote a patronizing letter to the editor meekly saying that she liked colored people and wanted to help them, but thought it was a great mistake to mix their children with white pupils as they were unable to learn as quickly! The same paper, in an editorial, remarked that segregation was not proper perhaps, in public parks, but if commercial ventures wished to segregate people in the interests of business and profit, they should be free to do so.

Things might be considered to be "getting better" in Virginia however. The Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled that segregation on city buses is illegal. But the fight is not yet over. And the great Greyhound company still practices it. Colored people sit in the rear seats and in bus stations a frightening feeling of totalitarianism came over me when I walked into the terminals under a sign which said "white only" while the colored passengers obediently went into their usually deplorable quarters marked "colored."

One would think that a company such as this would take the initiative and put meaning into democracy by stopping this heart-breaking practice. It has practically no competition and could hardly lose passengers in taking such a forward step.

One of the saddest memories I have of a recent bus journey is that of the lined face of a fine but old and tired colored mother, framed in a small, square opening of the colored section of a bus terminal which looked into the restaurant. This is where the colored passengers were served their food. She stood there for nearly fifteen minutes while the white passengers (none of whom appeared superior in looks, behaviour, intellect or good manners) were served. Finally, a colored boy from the kitchen took it upon himself to serve her and the others waiting patiently behind her. It was noticeable in the buses, as on the streets, that the clean and neatly-dressed Negro children, with their large, sad eyes, were better behaved and disciplined than most white children.

Most travellers to the south pass along the highways in their large cars at high speed. They catch perhaps, a glimpse of pitiful shacks on plantations, and on the outer edges of the cities, many of them without light, water and sanitation. This I have heard excused on the grounds that the Negro is shiftless and lazy and drinks away his pay over the weekend. Some do, (also many white workers) because they have never been given the opportunity to improve themselves and their living conditions, and have long since lost the initiative.

North Carolina, for instance, has the dubious distinction of paying the lowest wages in the U.S.A.—\$47.88, only two thirds the national average of \$71.86. And in most of the



southern states there are ways of circumventing any requirements that equal wages be paid white and colored workers. Conversations along the roadside with plantation workers toiling under the burning sun reveal some distressing facts about the lives of sharecroppers and such incidental news that they are lucky if they get 20 cents from the fruit companies for a melon.

There are not so many white and colored signs as there used to be. This is mainly because the Negro is expected to know his place and where not to go, which is certainly not into the motels, on to Daytona Beach, in most restaurants, and (if he has the money) into the "fun-filled" pleasure resorts. In the large cities, discrimination is not quite so noticeable as in the small towns, where much of the white populace frequently lacks education and tolerance. In a small town outside of Jacksonville a clever Negro doctor is not allowed to operate in the local hospital for white patients. Any white persons (and they are most likely to be Northerners) placing themselves under his care must be sent to St. Augustine, thirty miles away, where he is admitted; possibly because the city can hardly do otherwise in view of the tourist revenue it attracts through commercializing itself as the first city in the U.S.A. where "the faith of the country" first began.

The atmosphere of the small towns is heavy and oppressive, more so than in the large cities, and sensational though it may sound, many so-called respectable white men, as well as shiftless ones, whether married or not, still think it their right as superior beings to seduce colored girls, usually against their will, knowing that justice will not be invoked. But let a colored male be so unwise as to have an affair with a willing white woman, he faces death or life imprisonment should she later lay a complaint against him.

Discrimination against the Negro is not expressed so much today by violence and physical means, but by the spiritual wounding of mind, soul and pride. It is true that opportunities are available to Negroes that were unheard of 15 years ago. They had to fight for them, and the NAACP has become so strong that the states of Georgia and Alabama are seeking ways to curb its membership and funds, and any teachers found to be members may be instantly dismissed. It should also be pointed out that there are many white people working tirelessly and without financial remuneration to better the life of the Negro.

The colored population however, is still treated through attitude as an inferior race, being given opportunity by the grudging grace of superior whites rather than as their natural-born right. Humiliation is frequently their lot, and self-effacement and obedience is their only hope for an undisturbed life.

One of the crudities of American commerce is the plethora of advertising signs along the highways south and which, usually poorly executed, give the traveller the impression that the nation turns on gasoline, hotdogs and French fries! Every eating place, from the worst shack to the most splendid motel, advertises itself, not once, but at every mile, commanding the tourist to stop, eat and buy souvenirs. Usually one is so wearied by these blatant invitations that the thought of food is sickening at the end of the day; and never was so much good food so poorly cooked and wasted as in the countless highway eating places.

There is one significant omission in all such forms of sign-board advertising in the south, and also in the newspapers: there is never any reference to educated colored people playing any role in society whatsoever. Whether it is visiting the bank, buying food, enjoying cigarettes, drinking beer or joining the armed forces, they might not exist or do any of these things. And only in the few papers published for

colored people can there be found reference to the Negro in society.

Although they are allowed to vote, they are still made to feel second class in many ways. There are nearly one million young Negro men of draft age in the states whose National Guard units either exclude or segregate them. Yet the Senate Armed Services Committee, in submitting a military reserve training bill, had an anti-segregation amendment rejected by Congress. The President, according to reports, is opposed to anti-segregation amendments to congressional bills, saying they are "extraneous." This, says the NAACP, is "to close one's eyes to realities, political and moral."

There are, need it be said, many industrious and hard-working Negro families who try to maintain decent homes, when permitted, and who have, under great difficulties, found a precarious place in society. One of the few pleasing sights to be seen in Southern cities is the neatly and quietly dressed colored worker walking to his office with an umbrella shading him from the sun, and which he promptly rolls up should it rain.

On the highways however, the sight of colored prisoners working to keep the roads neat and clean under an armed guard reminds one of the past, when convict labor possibly built the road that now carries the tourists to the sunshine state.

But when one sees a white and colored family pass each other in the streets with their children looking at each other, somewhat strangely and diffidently, it strikes an observer most forcefully that for sensitive children, both white and colored, growing up in the South must be a life of hurt and sadness; more so for the colored child for it means a sense of inferiority from the start by reason of his environment.

The Badges of Colonialism

► JOHN S. EWART was born in 1849, the year of the Rebellion Losses Bill, and died in 1933, two years after the passage of the Statute of Westminster. The dates could hardly have been more appropriate. For Ewart's life was dedicated to the object of explaining and forwarding the constitutional process by which Canada, the senior colony of the British Empire, became in time Canada, the first Dominion in the Commonwealth of Nations. Responsible government initiated this transformation; the Statute of Westminster, confirming the legislative sovereignty of Canada, seemed to complete it. By 1931, except for a few insubstantial survivals of dependent status, Canada had reached a position of legal and constitutional equality with Great Britain. The object of Ewart's life had been attained and he could sing his *Nunc Dimittis* with deep satisfaction: "Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Ewart's career was largely passed in the study or at the bar. As a corporation lawyer he was outstandingly successful, eventually gaining a leading place in Canada as an advocate before the Supreme Court and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He spent his life in three cities: Toronto, where he was born and grew up; Winnipeg, where he moved in 1881 for the sake of his health; and Ottawa, the scene of his labors for the last active thirty years of his career. Aside from professional briefs and a few technical works on the law of estoppel, Ewart's writings are in the fields of constitutional history, diplomacy and politics. Much of what he wrote is ephemeral or polemic in character; the volumes of collected essays, however, such as *The Kingdom of Canada* (1908),

The Kingdom Papers (1912-17), and *The Independence Papers* (1925-32) represent serious contributions to the discussion of the subjects mentioned above.

Ewart's long experience in the law determined his approach to the larger public questions of his day. His work is at all times characterized by a stern attention to accuracy, and by the unimpeachable use of evidence. J. W. Dafoe, an old friend, once commended Ewart for what he called his "patient spade work." Canadians who write on political subjects, he went on, "make constant use of your services even though (they) may not be able to find (themselves) wholly in agreement with you." To a monumental knowledge of Canadian history Ewart added an indefatigable capacity for careful research. In his sixties he began what was to be a thirteen volume constitutional history of Canada and actually finished four volumes of the project before he died. His method of argument, both in his essays and in public lectures, was always determined by reason and logic. He was never afraid, in this thinking, to follow the consequences of his analysis to their ultimate conclusion.

His insistent integrity made him, in fact, that *rara avis* in Canada—a genuine independent. From the time when he took up the educational cause of the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba in the 'nineties until in his last years when he spoke against the Ottawa tariff agreements, Ewart held opinions which were often at variance with those of a majority of his fellow-Canadians. The independence of his thought had about it something of the hard and uncompromising nature of the Covenanters and it is significant that the impartial statesmen whose views resembled most closely his own should have been General Hertzog, an Afrikaner and a fellow-Calvinist. In their attempt to define Commonwealth membership in purely legal terms and to dispel the atmosphere of sentiment which obscured the structure of the new imperial system after 1919, Ewart and Hertzog displayed many similarities. As a member of a non-British minority within the Empire Hertzog was naturally concerned with precise guarantees of status, but in the case of Ewart, a Scottish-Canadian, the explanation of his attitude can only be found in the distinctive cast of his intellect.

Ewart's methods were those of the publicist, seeking to convert Canadians, either *en masse* or in the "intellectual" groups, to his point of view. In preaching to the masses it cannot be said that he was very successful. Only a minority of Canadians possessed the interest or the understanding to sit down with *The Kingdom Papers*; the analysis and presentation in that volume, as in most of Ewart's writing, was better suited to the atmosphere of the Supreme Court than to a popular rally. In the words of the *Toronto Star* Ewart was "an arguer . . . not an agitator"; able to diffuse "dry light" but never capable of setting "the heather on fire". His main achievements came, then, through the conversion of the influential. Most of the Liberal leaders of his generation knew Ewart as a personal friend—Laurier, Dafoe, Lapointe, King. As a constitutional authority Ewart was respected by men of all the parties, but his deepest affinities lay with the Liberal leaders. He never took an active part in politics, although he was asked several times to stand as a Liberal candidate. It was just as well, for his type of mind would never have adapted itself readily to the interplay of practical politics. Instead he was content to study the changing pattern of Canada's relations with the United Kingdom and the outside world, and to suggest courses of action that would be consistent with Canadian autonomy. As an old man he made the claim that his influence had spread "through devolution and discipleship." It was, on the whole, a true assessment.

The beginning and the end of Ewart's political thinking is to be found in what he called his "deeprooted Canadianism."

A second-generation Canadian, passing his formative years on the prairies when that region represented the advancing frontier of the Canadian state, Ewart, at an early stage in his life, became devoted to the concept of a Canadian national identity. The nascent nationalism which he observed in Canada at the opening of the twentieth century was, to his mind, unsatisfactory because it was combined with a political status of dependency. Ewart's remedy for this state of affairs was simple: to press forward more vigorously along the road which would lead to "complete self-government." With a Canadian Parliament as omnipotent as that at Westminster, with the relations between the United Kingdom and Canada reconstituted on the basis of a "Personal Union," Canadian autonomy would be able to assert itself to realize the best interests of the Canadian people. But Ewart was not a separatist. Speaking before the Hamilton Canadian Club in 1904 (Ewart was one of the founders of the Canadian Clubs) he stated his conviction that the fullest national development could be achieved while still retaining in Canadian life the many salutary features of the British connection. Thus Ewart stands in the tradition of those Canadians and Britishers who regarded the proper relationship between the mother country and the great settlement colonies as one governed by the principles of alliance and equality. Sir John Macdonald with his "Kingdom of Canada"; Lord Monck pleading that Canadian Privy Councillors be granted the same style as their English counterparts; Lord Dufferin and his proposal that Canada be transformed into a "Vice-royalty"; Edward Blake stressing constitutional advance to accompany "the cultivation of national spirit"; Laurier and his graceful rejection of imperial centralization—these men were Ewart's spiritual progenitors. Taking up their cause and giving it life through the formidable armament of his own advocacy, Ewart applied it to the circumstances of the Empire and Commonwealth in the twentieth century.

Looking back at his work over the intervening twenty years of radical change in the constitutional and international fields, it is easy to see the limitations of John S. Ewart's position. In the first place he seems never to have thought beyond the ideal of nationalism, to consider its possibility of corruption or to relate it to the problems of international organization. A logician and a realist, he was at the same time naively romantic about nationalism as the ultimate goal of a people's existence. In this attitude he was a product of the nineteenth century world, carrying a message which was plainly inadequate for the era of Hitler and the *Herrenvolk*. Another defect in his thought is more remarkable. In spite of all his erudition regarding the relations between Great Britain and the autonomous Dominions, Ewart did not appreciate the true spirit of the Commonwealth. In his mind a "commonwealth" was a particular kind of state; there could be no precedent for calling it a group of states. The use of the term to describe the former self-governing colonies of the British Empire obscured the correct legal relationship between them.

To the end of his days Ewart adhered to the idea that the "Six Kingdoms" of the pre-1931 Commonwealth were joined merely by a "Personal Union." This conception, incorrect in the legal sense even in 1931, expressed, in any event, only half the truth. The intangibles, the "ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron," to use Burke's phrase, marked the vital element in Commonwealth relations. Ewart, however, stubbornly refused to recognize that their presence had any significance. His insistence on precision made him suspicious of any organization which would not fit into a conventional legal pattern. His emphasis on principles caused him to undervalue the importance of the empirical process by which the British Commonwealth had

been formed. This rejection of what gave life and meaning to the Commonwealth is responsible for the ultimate narrowness of Ewart's vision. The Canadianism which underlay all his thinking was the product of an act of faith and yet that faith could not be enlarged to justify a devotion to the Commonwealth ideal. Ewart remains a Hertzog rather than a Smuts, possessing the shadow but failing to honor the substance.

D. M. L. FARR

Automation and Art

► IN THE EIGHTEENTH and nineteenth centuries it was discovered that machines could do the work of men. More recently it has been found that men are no longer needed to watch the machines. Other machines can be made to do it. The only job left for men is watching the machines that watch the machines. This process, whether achieved by punched tapes, closed circuit TV or feedback control mechanisms, is called automation. It takes the industrial revolution nearer to its logical extreme, which is the removal of human persons from the production process.

Human persons are intelligent, and so, capable of boredom and error. They are a nuisance in any factory and managers are glad to be rid of them. Unfortunately, from the managers' point of view, the ultimate consumer remains intractably human. One detects a note of petulance in such pronouncements as the following: "The progress of automation — like all other forms of technological progress — is dependant on the consumer's willingness to permit his wants to be standardized long enough to make that progress pay for itself." (I quote from a pamphlet distributed among its management by General Electric.) Automation will increase leisure and raise material standards of living. But with more leisure and more possessions we are going to be more choosy and difficult to please as customers. How unfair it all is. How much better it would be for industry if consumers could be (one might as well coin the hideous verb at once) automated. Fortunately they can't. No one can fairly accuse our society of not trying to iron out human individuality—every child, for instance, is required by law to lie down quietly while the steamroller of our educational system goes over him. But the attempt has failed. There are still people who remain obstinately original even in their sexual behaviour.

It is economic necessity that persuades industrialists to adopt automation. An expanding economy requires a continued increase in the productivity of individual workers and automation is the only way to assure it. Industrialists are seldom moved, in matters of this kind, by consideration of the general welfare of humanity, but they have convinced themselves that automation is going to set the mass of men free from drudgery and so free for higher things.

The implications of this position are interesting. It openly recognizes that work and drudgery are evils. This is not quite a new doctrine—"Work," said Oscar Wilde, "is the curse of the drinking classes"—but it is new in the mouths of industrialists. Protestant capitalism has always praised work, particularly work by other people. "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," said Capt. Smith to the Virginia settlers. "Work is prayer" was a favourite slogan for centuries. In the nineteenth century, when the workman's increased productivity enriched his master and not himself, the propaganda for work became intense. And to reinforce it there was the romantic doctrine of energy. Ruskin sweated with pick and shovel and was disgusted at the effete Whistler, whose paintings were not sufficiently labored. Earlier in the century at least one aristocrat, Colonel Talbot, had exiled himself to the Canadian backwoods where he alarmed authority by milking his own cows and baking his own

bread. And in modern Canada we find public men objecting to gambling on the ground that if you lose you are throwing away the fruits of your labors, and if you win you are getting something for nothing. The time for sentimental adulation of work is gone. It looks as if work in the old sense is going to become unnecessary. Eventually, I suppose, it will become a crime, and then the innocent do-it-yourself addict will find himself in gaol for interfering with the balance of production. The virtues of one age are the vices of the next. But if it is possible to imagine a society in which work (in the sense of productive activity for gain) will be reduced to a few hours a week, it isn't possible to imagine men surviving without some sort of purposive activity. They would die of boredom.

In the nineteenth century the exhausted workers did not have to worry about this "problem" of leisure. Leisure was rest, or it was recreation, or it was sleep. It was an interval in which to recover enough energy to go back to work. Today our situation has changed but not our view of leisure. The entertainments with which we fill our free time are for the most part extensions of sleep, they are not addressed to the waking part of the mind. Their prototype is the day dream. And if this is true of much that is fobbed off on us in the name of art, it is no less true of much that passes for religion.

The problem of leisure, of course, is not new. Even in north America there has always been a leisured class. The question is whether its example is a profitable one in our situation. Perhaps it is. Perhaps we should go to the ant no longer, to consider her ways and be wise. We should consider instead the grasshoppers, the notoriously idle rich. Their more conspicuous pursuits are philanthropy and dissipation. Philan-



PORTRAIT—JAMES AGRELL SMITH

thropy has nothing much to offer us because the question isn't how we are going to help other people, but how we are going to help ourselves. If we are nothing ourselves, we have nothing to give away. The man who spends a million dollars on Indian famine relief is commonly a bad friend. Wilberforce himself, though he liberated the slaves of Africa, was a reactionary in English domestic affairs.

Dissipation is a more promising use of leisure. It is not true that it is always a sign of unhappiness. But its prerequisite is a system of values from which to depart. The decadents of the nasty 'nineties were able to enjoy sin only because they believed in God. It is the code, rather than the sinner, that makes sin possible. When one of Saki's young men was asked whether he was an atheist he answered, "Of course not. The Christian apologists have left me nothing in which to disbelieve." In a society that esteems work as ours does, dissipation takes the form of riotous living. The rake, like the theologian, is dedicated to the task of inventing new sins. Unlike Professor C. S. Lewis, who does it all on paper for the edification of the righteous, he has the courage to commit them. When work is at last discredited by the whole of society the rake will go on a navvying jag. Or he will affect a hard collar and get a job in the higher echelons of the civil service. The argument against dissipation is that for most people it is just as boring as work.

There are other devices of the idle rich that may be worthy of imitation by the masses at large. Snobbery, for instance, is a well-tried stratagem for beguiling the tedium of an otherwise purposeless existence. The English are at present reviving it with some success. They have recently argued with a good deal of asperity the question whether one should put the milk into one's teacup before one pours the tea, or after. The opinions, on this important question, of Miss Nancy Mitford, who is a born snob, and Mr. Evelyn Waugh, who is a convert to snobbery, have been accorded respectful attention. It is perhaps malicious to enjoy the reflection that the really snobbish snobs will dismiss them both because they are writers.

To the deeply religious, I suppose, the problem of leisure will at first sight present little difficulty. The broad aim of serving God will be before them. But the question of *how* to serve Him will not be easy to answer. The rule of some religious orders might afford a precedent, but one should not forget that the occupational disease of monks in the middle ages was *accidia*—the blackest sort of boredom.

Other than the religious there is no important avocation that is not pursued for gain: except that of the serious artist. The arts provide the only hope that remains for restoring meaning to purposeless existence. So urgent will be the need for what the artist has to offer that he will be in danger of becoming the white-collar worker of the automatic age. He will be expected to work regular hours and to set a good example to his neighbors. Should he fail to lay a golden egg a day, a deputation of skull-shrinkers will attend and treat him for writers', artists' or composers' *bloc*. And of one thing we can be sure concerning the creative diarrhoea that may follow. It will not be art.

Perhaps it is fanciful to look so far into the future. But the implications of automation are already with us. The problem of leisure is upon us and will become more acute as the years go by. The do-it-yourself movement will not by itself discover in the masses the talent to live full and adequate lives. The artist will have to fly in the face of his time to establish compelling values in a society given over to leisure. In literature he will have to struggle against the demotic style, against the anonymity which results from using the language of salesmen and technicians—and using it in the same way as they do.

The attack on the values of the work-centred society should begin at once. The most pernicious habit of our time is to make ends of means. Work, equality, democracy, happiness—they are all contingent, means of realizing the aims of society or by-products arising from them. They are not substitutes for them. The individual human person is the end for which society exists and whom its concern for order, justice, civil concord and amity must subserve. Automation is the latest refinement in the relentless social machine and it is the artist's job to assert in his own person through his art that man is not just a blemish on his inventions. He is not just a spanner in the beautiful works, a nuisance, an inconvenient item of statistics, but ultimately and absolutely valuable, the master and not the slave of the automats. To embody and figure forth this assertion the artist needs the magisterial virtues: arrogance, insolence, magnanimity.

KILDARE R. E. DOBBS.

The Mind of E. J. Pratt

Carlyle King

► IT HAS BEEN usual to praise E. J. Pratt for his narrative poems, to approve of the verve and gusto with which he tells a cracking good yarn, particularly about a knockdown, drag-em-out fight between beast and beast or between man and beast. This is just, for he does tell good stories—with vigor and speed, with robust diction and skilful rime, often with high-spirited fun and always with exultant energy. It has been less frequently observed that Pratt is also a thoughtful man reflecting on God and man and concerned with the plight of the human spirit and the fate of the human race in our iron times. Long ago in discussing the role of the writer, he said: "The life around us in its direct confronting aspects—the life social, industrial, economic, national, and international—is demanding and receiving the attention of the artist." It has received Pratt's attention. Both in his narratives and in his shorter, reflective poems which have not received much critical consideration, he has nearly always been asking: What is man, and what is going to happen to him?

In an extravaganza which he places last in the volume of his *Collected Poems* (1944) Pratt lays his cards most explicitly upon the table: Man "is a bucking truant with a stiff backbone." He will not caper round the throne of the Great Mechanic nor "toe the rules/For the ballet of the fiery molecules." He will accept no explanation of life in terms only of calcium and carbon; he knows that he is not a fortuitous concatenation of atoms. He has an indestructible spirit which is not amenable to fire; his concepts and denials yield only to the sword of the spirit. The little genus homo of the poem defies the god of electronic sparks and says, for his race, that we have

in cathedral rubbish found a way to quench
A dying thirst within a Galilean valley—
No! by the Rood, we will not join your ballet.

Man cherishes a dream of things not visible to telescope or microscope. The *persona* of "The Iron Door" sees the Iron Door of Death opening momentarily and catches a glimpse of light and life inside; although he cannot see beyond the threshold, yet the vision remains:

I had caught the sense
Of life with high auroras and the flow
Of wide majestic spaces;
Of light abundant; and of keen impassioned faces,
Transfigured underneath the vivid glow.

In "The Roosevelt and the Antinoo" faith in the Rood confronts the naked paganism of nature. While men from the Roosevelt risk their lives and lose their lives against a furious sea to rescue the imperilled crew of the Antinoo, chaplain and priest recite their liturgy and rubric in apparent helplessness:

But no Gennesaret of Galilee
Conjured to its level by the sway
Of a hand or a word's magic was this sea,
Contesting with its iron-alien mood,
Its pagan face, its own primordial way,
The pale heroic suasion of a rood.

Yet the victory is with the rescuing crew, significantly representative of many nationalities, who perform deeds of self-sacrificing heroism as if these are all in the day's work.

Pratt's Nature may be pagan, alien, or palaeolithic in sea or whale, iceberg or Laurentian Shield, but it is not malicious or finally inimical to the spirit of man. It may even on occasion be friendly, as in "Dunkirk", where courageous men take advantage of "blessed fog" and "calm on the Channel" to effect a miracle of rescue in the dark days of 1940. More generally, the world of external nature, as represented by Pratt, is a bracing partner, a vigorous opponent, or a stubborn antagonist, the struggle with whom makes for the beauty and dignity of man, even although the struggle frequently ends in disaster. It calls forth or strengthens the virtues of courage, endurance, self-command, and self-sacrifice. The fishing industry of Newfoundland claims many lives and makes many widows, but it produces strong men like John Jones in the poem of that name. In "The Cachalot" Pratt tells of two fights, one of sea-creature with sea-creature, the other of sea-creature with the crew of a whaling vessel. Both are good fights, and both make good stories, but the defeat of the kraken by the sperm-whale is merely slaughter. In the second fight, something of value is at stake; nature in the shape of a sea beast defeats man, but human dignity has been vindicated. Again, in "Towards the Last Spike" the resistant Laurentian Shield—figured as an enraged monster roused from the sleep of ages to give insolent human bipeds a trial of her strength—is a challenge, successfully met, to the stamina, courage, and skill of Van Horne and his associates.

Man must not presume, however, that he can ever permanently dispose of his doughty antagonist, for Nature is no man's daily drudge. "However baby man may brag of his science and his skill," wrote Herman Melville, "and however much, in a flattering future, that science and skill may augment; yet forever and forever, to the crack of doom, the sea will insult and murder him, and pulverize the stateliest, stiffest frigate he can make." So in Pratt's "The Titanic" the so-called unsinkable ship, a miracle of engineering skill, goes down and the iceberg, symbol of a cold universe which cuts down the pride of man, wins; "the gray shape with the palaeolithic face" is "still the master of the longitudes." In this moving narrative Pratt rebukes the presumption of man who in an age of triumphant technology thinks he has subdued the harshness of nature; at the same time he celebrates the courage and self-sacrifice, the ethical imperative, with which the human spirit can confront that harshness.

Indeed, to Pratt, the main struggle is with the inner man and not the outer nature; the task is always to conquer the wilderness of the human spirit. This comes out most clearly in his two best narratives, both on Canadian themes, "Brébeuf and his Brethren" and "Towards the Last Spike." In the former the heroic priests devote their granitic courage and their sublime faith to redeeming the Indians from their savagery. In the epic about the building of a transcontinental railway, those who have vision must advance against two

fortresses, the mind and the rock. The rock of the Shield and the mountains was tough, but the caution and the timidity of men were harder nuts to crack:

The moulding of men's minds was harder far
Than moulding of the steel and prior to it.

A similar view emerges from the shorter reflective poems in which Pratt contemplates our world slipping further and faster down the Gadarene slope to mass suicide. The submarine he shows as man's improvement on the ferocity of the shark and the speed of our destructive suicidal fury as the annihilation of Time. He inquires in "Autopsy on a Sadist" how men learn the human art of torture. "Silences" is an oblique commentary on such hatred as there is in the world to-day, and "The Prize Cat" is a parable of mankind's underlying savagery. In his finest short poem, "Come Away, Death," he says that mercy and chivalry have perished from the earth and that the contemporary horror of death from the skies is literally inexpressible. If there is "a redemptive clue," it is still that shadowed forth in an earlier poem, "The Fable of the Goats," where peace comes with the sudden evolutionary mutation of a conciliatory spirit in the caprine mind. But man's evolution "from stone to steel" does not offer much ground for hope; "the snarl Neanderthal" still seems to be a permanent human expression. So he concludes:

The road goes up, the road goes down—
Let Java or Geneva be—
But whether to the cross or crown,
The path lies through Gethsemane.

Just A Game Of Tag

Joseph Benoit

► RUTH FORBES looked up from the picnic sandwiches she was making and gazed out the window across the short lawn to the white, red-trimmed house next door. Here her view was blocked. A cloudy, overcast day, chilly, near the end of summer. She continued to butter bread.

Behind her little Gracie still sniveled, but had ceased crying. Ruth sighed; wished the older children would stop asking the impossible.

On the way to the refrigerator for mayonnaise, she paused, to allow her son, Richard, to get out of her way.

"Aw, Ma, let her come?" he said.

Ruth slammed the refrigerator door without answering. Once more at the sinkboard she glanced at her husband, who frowned into the morning paper. No help there.

"Huh, Mom—please? Let her come?" said Barbara, echoing her brother. Little Gracie hung on to her sister's skirt and looked up at her mother. The tears were about to start again.

"I told you she can't go. Now clear out from underfoot and let me finish." She felt anger rising and checked herself.

"Aw, Ma," repeated her son. "Why?" Gracie started to cry.

"For the hundredth time she isn't old enough. You have to be fourteen."

"But Barbara's only twelve," Richard pointed out.

"That's different, she's a girl."

"What's Gracie?" asked Barbara.

Ruth could have choked the child. "I mean boys fourteen and girls twelve. She can't take part in the ceremony until she's old enough."

"Ceremony!" said her daughter. "It's just an old game of tag."

The kitchen was suddenly quiet. Taking the cue from her

elders even little Gracie stopped crying. All eyes were on Barbara, a tall, thin child with dirty blond hair. The dimple in her left cheek twitched. She was frightened, knew she had said too much.

"What do you know about a game of tag?" Her father was the first to break the silence. He was about forty-five, dark, rugged, with close-cropped, wiry hair. He glanced nervously at his wife.

"Only—just that that's . . . well, what we do at the picnic."

"Nothing more? Where did you hear that?"

"We heard the older kids talking." She hesitated, decided to brazen it out. "And once you and mother."

"Nothing more?" her mother asked.

"No." She spoke eagerly. "Only it's a great honor to win. The winner gets a prize."

The relief was almost visible in her parents' expressions.

"I don't care." Barbara, seeing her chance, retreated to more familiar ground. "I don't think it's fair. She wants to come." She drew her arm protectively around her little sister.

"Yeh, Ma. Let her come?"

"Look." Ruth Forbes leaned slightly, she was very angry now. One strand of dark hair slipped over her brow. She was beginning to fatten in the wrong places, but still attractive. "I can't take her to the picnic," she said, slowly, evenly. "I'm not allowed to take her. Elder Gannon won't allow it!"

"Ruth!" cautioned her husband.

"What's Elder Gannon got to do with it?" asked a surprised Barbara. She looked at her family, bewildered. "I thought . . ."

Ruth quickly drew in her breath. She had surprised herself. She was worse than prattling children. Her husband's eyes accused her. Anger flared anew.

"Now listen. Take her over to Mrs. Erhling's where the other children are." She stepped forward ominously. "Go on, get out of here!"

The children knew she meant it. Each took Gracie by the hand.

At the door Gracie broke away from her brother and sister, toddled back into the room.

"Don't want to go, anyway," she said.

Ordinarily this would have provoked laughter. Now silence. No one moved, spoke. The puzzled child hurried after her brother and sister.

"You're not much help," Ruth told her husband.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I mean with the children."

"You should be more careful what you say in front of them."

"I know but—here take this." She handed him the wicker picnic basket. "Don't forget the thermos of coffee—and take those things on the breezeway," she called after him. "I'll bring the pastry."

She slipped on her jacket, stood in front of the bathroom mirror, did her lips, drew a comb through her hair. She should have done it up last night. The lock on the door fixed? Yes.

Holding the pastry while her husband packed the trunk of the car, Ruth looked around her. Everything was damp, moist from last night's fog and she could smell the earth. A smell she disliked. The houses nearby were all pretty much alike with their uniform lawns, shrubs, hedges. Wearing their coats of white, pastel pinks, greens, blues, with darker shades of the same color for trim, in the greyness of the morning they might have been weary soldiers lined up on a drill field awaiting dismissal. The streets were black, shiny, winding, lined with young trees not yet old enough to grace their surroundings with character, dignity.

All up and down the street families were packing paraphernalia into their cars; those already loaded waved as they drove past. There were no glad shouts or talking back and forth, people seemed absorbed in their own thoughts.

"Give me that, will you? You should be more careful what you say," her husband reminded her again.

"I can't help it," she said, handing him the pastry. "It's just . . . oh, it bothers me. It has for a long time. I just can't believe that it's right. Or that it rights any wrongs."

"You shouldn't say that."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because . . ." He looked worriedly at his wife. "Because . . . Oh, Ruth, when are you going to learn not to question traditional things? Things that other people think respectable?" He closed the trunk. "Can't you just live and accept the world as it is like . . . ?"

"No I can't," she interrupted.

"But, darling, you make things—it probably won't even be one of ours."

"That's just it. What of it? What if it isn't? Does it really make any difference?" She followed him around to the front of the car. "To snatch a child in the beginning—you just can't make me believe . . ."

"Shhh, here they are."

The children tumbled into the car. Their mood seemed to have changed to one of excitement.

"Is Gracie acting up?" their mother asked.

"She's helping old Mrs. Erhling make pies," answered Barbara. "Lots of kids there. We going?"

The road they were travelling gradually wound into the foothills. The houses were spaced farther apart; farm houses set in sloping valleys. Gardens and fields looked prosperous, almost ready to harvest and if rain came a good one. In the distance beyond, the foliage and trees—cedar, spruce, hemlock—gave a purplish snowy tinge to the higher summits. The sun peeped through a drab sky for a hazy moment, but just as suddenly retreated. Silence filled the car. Each stared out their respective windows; the children expectantly, the parents filled with gloom.

"Will there be many there?" asked Barbara.

"Everybody, dope," answered Richard.

"I mean how many kids in the game?"

"I dunno."

"How many, Mom?"

Her mother didn't answer.

"Daddy, will there?"

"Just the children your own age. About twenty-seven," he told her. His wife stared determinedly at the countryside.

"Many boys?"

"No. More girls than boys."

"Mummy, you know?" She leaned forward with the hope of interesting her mother. "You know how fast I can run? Well—you said so yourself." Her mother turned to look at her. "Well . . ." She wet her lips with her tongue, glanced at her brother. "I . . . well, I think maybe I could win!"

"Sure, we figured it all out," said her brother. "I'm going to help her. Me and the other guys."

Their father turned, looked at them quizzically. He laid a hand on his wife's arm to deter her from replying.

"You mustn't cheat," he warned.

"But it wouldn't be, Daddy. She really is the fastest."

"You must listen to me," said their mother anxiously.

"Careful what you say, Ruth."

A sudden applying of the brakes and a sharp swerve as they turned off the main highway caused the conversation momentarily to cease. Tom had almost missed the turn off.

It was immediately much duskier, because of the young trees and bushes that grew close in to the narrow sandy tract. Tiny stones played a tattoo on the fenders as the car



SPRING WILD FLOWERS—RICHARD T. LAMBERT

swayed, sometimes bumped along. The traffic all seemed to be moving one way.

Ruth noted the set of her husband's jaw. Careful, she warned herself. He's upset.

Suddenly she could stand it no longer. She had to tell them, had to warn them; didn't care if Elder Gannon himself were in the car.

"Listen, children," she turned, faced them again. "Listen to me. You . . . no, no. I'm not angry now. You must listen to . . ."

"Ruth, what are you doing? What are you saying?" Tom momentarily lost control of the steering, turned the wheels back onto the road. "How will you live with yourself afterwards? You can't go against . . ."

"No. You listen too, Tom Forbes." Her voice rose, she spoke rapidly. "You've worked hard. I've scinged and saved to bring them up and now I'm not going to stand by and see . . ." She glanced ahead through the windshield. Abruptly the hill—or better mountainside—rose sharpfaced in front of them; and a man-made wire and board fence blocked the road. Behind the gateway, which was closed, the road seemed to continue right into a huge cathedral-like cave, or tunnel, in the mountainside. Several men, tending the gate, bent slightly in order to recognize the occupants in the approaching car. They smiled friendly.

Ruth turned back to the children.

"Listen, Barbara, Richard, pay attention to mother. Under no circumstances—for no reason at all, must either of you win the contest—game of tag. You must get in and out as quickly . . ."

But it was no use; her husband was saying something close to her ear; the men were shouting good morning, opening the gate, urging them through.

"Promise me!" she demanded of the children. "Promise me!"

It was necessary to snap on the headlights. They were passing through the tunnel. The children remained stubbornly silent.

Once through the entrance was like coming onto a brilliantly lighted stage; not that the weather was any less threatening, but because of the contrasting daylight and the almost primeval darkness of the passage.

What one entered was a prehistoric world, really a phenomenon of nature: A high mountain meadow completely surrounded by jagged, rocky barriers, except in the southeast where the wall sloped gradually to a rough, boulder-strewn beach. The ocean rushed in against the shore, slapping the rocks with foam, an endless roaring protest against the land.

The northeast corner of the mountain reached extreme heights. One could just discern a treacherous pathway leading to the furthestmost tip: A monstrous altar-shaped rock overhanging the raging ocean several hundred feet below.

A natural spring formed a silver pool on the northwest side and bubbled over into a rippling stream which ran through the meadow and vanished among the rocks in the southwest corner. The meadow itself was dotted with cheerful colored wild flowers framed in tall blue-green grass. Its only access was by way of water or the natural entrance in the south wall.

The Forbes's car was immediately surrounded by neighbors and old friends. In the bustle of greetings, endless questioning, and parking of the car, Ruth had time only for a whispered, "Remember what mother told you," before the children ran off to join their playmates. She watched her daughter's hair flying in the ocean breeze and the tan of her healthy legs against the tall grass.

There were perhaps two or three hundred families gathered in the area and many of them had spread their blankets along the running stream, where after the ceremony they

would eat their picnic lunches. Others preferred to make a table of the many slab-like rocks on the outer edge of the meadow, using smaller rocks for seats, and arranged their belongings accordingly.

The grownups talked quietly, moved deliberately; mostly family groups who visited little and tended their own needs. The young children were merrier, playing together, fooling, their shouts and high-piping laughter bell-toned in the murky morning air. There was a commotion near the entrance and a gradual hush fell over the crowd; the children, warned by their elders, quieted; all eyes strained toward the south wall.

Elder Gannon and his entourage entered the field, clothed in their priestly robes of official purple and gold. The Elder's high, metallic headdress, obscuring his uppermost features, could be seen from a great distance. The impressive retinue walked to the northwest end of the meadow, near the edge of the pool, and faced the people. The Elder stood a little forward from the rest and motioned with his hands that the children should gather about him; they moved forward silently. A large golden vessel was now handed the Elder.

The people became more attentive, one could feel their tenseness; the only sounds the endless moan of the ocean and the eerie shrieking of seabirds.

The Elder was explaining that the game of tag was an elimination contest. The last on the field was the winner, the chosen one. In the golden bowl he was holding were numbered pieces of paper. Each participant would be given a card on which was a number corresponding to one in the bowl. A drawing would take place to determine the first to be it.

While their parents listened he then said a few words to the children about how fortunate they were, how happy they should be to take part in such an ancient ceremony. May each be blessed.

As the Elder dismissed them, the people moved back to give the children the greatest possible room; formed a huge circle, many rows deep, around the edge of the meadow. Husbands and wives and older children whispered together, the men putting their arms around their women or supporting them by their elbows. Except for the contestants, once more all became silent.

The game started with brisk seriousness, with the exception of the group of boys, among them her laughing brother, that hung closely to Barbara. They seemed to move the girl forward enticingly near the boy or girl it; and then at the crucial moment form a ragged circle around the delighted girl, who teased and taunted them from her enclosure, until one of them would deliberately place himself in a position to be tagged. Then they rushed off, until another was it, only to form again and harry a new enemy. Their faces shone with confidence.

Ruth Forbes felt her husband prying loose her own fingers from his arm, but she couldn't release her grip. At last, his arm was free, Tom rubbed it vigorously and placed it around his frantic wife, drew her closer to him. She dug her fingernails into the flesh of her hands and murmured a silent prayer. All around her peoples' features wore an ugly look of repulsion, but their eyes belied this as they remained focused with strange fascination on the maneuvering children.

The game progressed swiftly. Boys and girls dropped out within a few minutes of each other; trotted off downheartedly, some shamefaced, to join their watching families. Brothers and sisters congratulated, reassured them; mothers and fathers looked on fondly, happily, and hid their joy as best they could. One bewildered boy was crushed hysterically to his mother's bosom, but after a whispered remonstrance from his father, was allowed to join his siblings. The poor woman met the gaze of her neighbors apologetically, ashamed of her show of maternalism.

At last only the charmed circle was left on the field. The group now separated: four of the boys stayed together, and Richard, Barbara, and one other boy rested momentarily near the western edge of the crowd. For a moment Barbara's mother could have touched her, but she remained as motionless as one transfixed. The mysterious aura now emanating from the crowd had fastened its grip even upon her. She watched spellbound, immobile, as if seeing the manipulation of colored pins on a map spell out some unheard of destiny.

It was obvious at once to the onlookers, that Richard and the boy still with Barbara were expert in dodging, leaping, mystifying their opponent; Barbara the fleetest. Then the climax was reached so quickly that forever afterwards no one was quite sure what had happened. Suddenly, scuffling out of a confused huddle, Richard and the four opposing boys jogged off the field, their heads turned to watch the one remaining boy and Barbara.

The remaining two ran about for a short time, laughing, showing off, as children will who suddenly find themselves the centre of interest. Barbara constantly evaded the boy, he could not catch her. Finally, both children stopped running and faced each other. After a brief conversation, the boy slowly raised his arm and lightly tapped Barbara's shoulder. The game was over.

With his hand still resting on her shoulder, the boy walked with Barbara to meet the approaching Elder, who emerged from the sidelines alone, in his magnificent regalia, to greet the winner. The boy slowly left the field.

After a few words the Elder slipped a flowing white robe over the girl's thin shoulders, tied it in the middle with a golden cord. There were murmurs of approval from the congregation. The child appeared extremely happy.

With the Elder guiding the child by the arm, they started up the steep mountain path.

Richard standing with his mother and father, filled with pride and wonder, watched them make their way upward toward the huge altar-shaped outcropping. As they reached the outermost edge, with the raging waters beneath them, the sun emerged from the clouds and, for a brief moment, created a glowing light over all. The Elder's headgear flashed, his robe and the girl's hair glistened in the heaven-sent light. Richard blinked his eyes against the brightness; when he opened them again, the Elder, arms outstretched, stood alone.

At first confused, then comprehending, the terrified boy turned to his mother.

"Mom, Mother—I didn't know—I helped her!" But his mother wasn't there, he couldn't reach her. Instead he faced a woman with a strange ethereal light in her eyes.

"Hush. Hush now," she said. "It's all over. We'll eat soon."

The Canadian Ballet

Wendy Michener's article on Canadian Ballet has been held over from the last issue. In the meantime, the National Ballet's tour ended on March 10.

► ANOTHER OPENING, another show. The time for ballet to make some dough . . . Yes, The National Ballet Company of Canada IS touring again this year. I can't figure out exactly how they're doing it, but for a fifth season the company is in operation and on the road, and with three new ballets in their repertoire.

The engagement in Toronto was the most successful ever, in the box office. The newspapers knocked themselves out

supporting the venture, and their candy-cane-girl posters appeared everywhere except on the lavatory walls.

On the surface, this is all very healthy, and the kind of thing that would warm the cockles of any true Canadian's heart, even the heart of a critic for the *Canadian Forum*. But . . . the inevitable but . . . there are several factors which lead me to think that the National Ballet Company is still walking on the waters by sheer faith, liable to sink at any minute.

The company has, I am convinced, the possibilities of growing into a great company, given the right conditions. And this is the only possible justification for all the time, effort and money, that has already been poured into it, as into a hollow leg, or two.

At 269 Pape Ave., Toronto, when the company is at home, you may hear inspirational strains from the piano and disciplinary strains from the ballet mistress as she takes company members through their daily plies. To left and right are large wicker baskets from which the occasional ruffle of a tutu protrudes. In the large, shabby rehearsal room you would probably see the company's white cat, wandering around among dancing legs quite unconcerned with risk to life and limb. The Company, dressed in practice tights with runs and patches, are patiently extracting from their stubborn bodies a control and grace of movement. You would see them exult in achieving a combination of steps without letting the strain tense their faces and arms. And you would laugh to see them make jokes with one another, satirizing a step badly done, or finding a motion that is funny in itself. Morning class over, Celia Franca would walk in, probably in jeans, offer everyone vitamin pills, cast an appraising eye on the members practising turns in the corner, and call for rehearsal of a pas de deux from *Nutcracker*.

The company is silent now. The soloists must evoke their own moonlight and roses in the barren practice hall. Now is the time for perfecting. Every motion must find its motivation in the character and in the music, and it must be set until comfortable for that individual, freeing the expression from the weight of technique. It is over, and both approach Miss Franca for the criticism and praise which they need to face an audience with the assurance of creating beauty.

This sight of the National company at work was very encouraging to me. To all appearances, the dancers cooperate with one another and are conscious of a unity of effort and of style which makes them one company, not just a group of dancers pushed together on stage. The soloists are respected for their ability, and with Miss Franca are giving a real lead to the company in artistic standards. All three of these things are most important to the growth of any company. A good corps will not develop or be useful without soloists of ability, who will not develop without a strong director.

And a strong choreographer. This necessity—good choreographers working consistently for, or with, a company—is something important that the National Ballet Company is noticeably lacking. A good set designer may appear only occasionally with relatively little damage to a company's achievement, and most of the music is stolen anyway, but a choreographer is essential.

There were three new works in the repertoire this year. One was a classic, *Nutcracker*, which was revamped entirely by Miss Franca to a full-length version. The added choreography was not inspiring and the whole thing hardly worth the effort, except that it was fairly easy for them to do, considering that the hardest act was already part of the repertoire.

The second, *Dark Elegies*, is a Tudor ballet which Miss Franca learned, like so many others in the repertoire, while with the Sadler's Wells Company. It is certainly a distinguished addition and was beautifully handled by the company although it demanded movement quite unlike any of their other ballets.

The third was a ballet by Elizabeth Leese of Montreal, based more or less on Ibsen's play *The Lady from The Sea*. Though not in a class with the Tudor choreography, this ballet was not without interest, and represents a step in the right direction. But what real use can a choreographer with her own separate studio be to the development of the company?

Miss Franca's choreography is occasionally successful, especially in the more modern attempts, but I do not think that it is of sufficient calibre to carry the company, while her directing is producing very good results. This lack will not be easy for them to remedy, for good choreographers, Canadian or otherwise, do not grow on trees. Still, they must find some solution before they can claim maturity as a company.

Now to the actual dancing this season. It was good on the whole, to make a very general qualitative judgment. Lois Smith is improving her interpretive abilities and is the sole dancer to maintain a standard of consistent technical emphasis. David Adams' dancing seemed somewhat less controlled than last year, but his characterizations were more vivid.

There are several secondary soloists within the company who stand out because of their individual style. Such are Lillian Jarvis, Judith Dornis, Betty Pope, Colleen Keeney, Sylvia Mason and Ray Moller, who are advancing yearly.

The over-all technical standard of dancing was less good than last season, I would say. There seemed to be a loss of sureness and precision, of that certain strength and endurance which was developing from their increasing experience and training. And where are the soloists of two years ago?

The dropped standard is probably due to the changes in the members of the company. Many have gone—to get married, to go to Broadway with *Tamburlaine*, to make money on the TV—and some unfortunately have left, who were the backbone of the company at the beginning. A ballet company cannot afford to change its dancers so often. It is like putting money into a current account and expecting to live off the interest.

Most of the losses, I suspect, would be due to the economic factor. The temptation for dancers to make more money out of a less demanding medium, such as large television shows, is inescapable. Nevertheless the situation would be less serious if the National Ballet Company could afford to pay its dancers reasonable salaries. Naturally it cannot.

Some of the losses, I suspect, are due to squabbling within the ranks of people trying to capture the ballet market in Canada. This is always the problem with the National Ballet Company: it is not national. But maybe one of these days the government will get around to its Canada Council, and do something positive about making it into a National Company.

Meantime, the company IS on tour. By dint of sheer determination they are going on with the show. I hope they find some means of conquering these financial and artistic difficulties. And soon. There is a limit to how long a company can walk on the waters of faith.

WENDY MICHENER

Music Review

► IF TODAY'S MUSIC-LOVER becomes impatient with the more characteristic music of our time, I suspect that it

is not because that music is particularly complicated, or unmelodic, or tortured, but because it lacks a central idiom (or group of idioms) that the listener can recognize, and to which he can then relate a work's conformity or originality. The listener is not sure what is taken for granted, what are the assumptions from which the individual takes off. Mozart's *G Minor Symphony* (as Tovey rightly insisted) takes off from the idiom of *opera buffa*; it may extend far beyond the normal emotional range of this idiom, but, without that idiom as a point of reference, we are unable to measure how far Mozart is travelling. Something is initially given, and what we make of the work depends on our recognizing that something (a recognition which Mozart could have assumed without hesitation). Even the more daring of nineteenth century composers shocked in detail rather than in bulk, and, for all their efforts to be original, easily outlived their own originality. (Berlioz and the Beethoven of the last quartets would be the major exceptions.)

But there are plenty of excellent works written forty years ago which, when we hear them for the first time, present nearly the same problems to us as they did to their original audiences (say, the *Pierrot Lunaire* of Schonberg, the *Violin Sonatas* of Bartok, the *Octet* of Stravinsky, the *Marienleben* of Hindemith). These problems are not a matter of complexity—the works mentioned are surely a good deal simpler than the *Eroica* or *Tristan* or Bach's *Magnificat*—but of a recognized place of departure. The listener himself has to find the points of reference, feel his way around the composer's world, and decide what things are possible, likely, surprising or shocking in it. On a first hearing, this process (which need not be a conscious one) of discovering what selection of the materials of music make up the composer's world, and what sort of logic prevails in it, is likely to prevent the listener from being excited or satisfied with anything he hears. Repeated hearings and a little good will may remove this barrier (if the work happens to be worth anything); but the barrier is certainly there to start with. There are too many possibilities nowadays; the listener resents the necessity of having to choose among them, particularly as the composer could do it for him, if he really wanted to.

Much of this occurred to me after listening (with considerable interest) to the Canadian composer Harry Somers' *Second Piano Concerto*, as played by Reginald Godden and the CBC Symphony under Victor Feldbrill on March 12. Here is a piece in which the problems of recognition are magnified even beyond what is normal in contemporary music. This long, four movement concerto demands not so much that we recognize its idiom, but that we relate a great variety of sharply distinguished idioms to one another. Its melodic materials are not so much themes as kinds of melodic writing, generic rather than specific, whether they happen to sound like chromatic serial themes, Stravinskian *ostinatos*, diatonic snake-themes, the last simple tunes of a Beethoven or a Bartok, or bits of Brahmsian sentiment. (These phrases are vague and replaceable, but they will suggest the range, if nothing else.) Moreover, the piano displays a series of virtuoso mannerisms capable of recalling Mozart, Weber, Chopin, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Prokofieff, and no doubt others as well. Such materials are juxtaposed and interwoven with considerable skill and inventiveness.

But a single hearing hardly gives one a chance to get at a work like this concerto. To say that I found the last two movements less successful than the first two is likely to be no more than a comment on my own staying power. My total impression was of an extraordinarily refined and intense musical intelligence trying to coerce and coordinate an immense range and variety of musical worlds, whose mutual coexistence would certainly be beyond the powers of any

political organization. How many of them (if any) elude Mr. Somers' shaping hand, or whether the scope of the machine is justified by the significance of the human values it serves, are matters I can decide for myself only after a good many more hearings than the one on March 12. Maybe somebody will provide them for us.

MILTON WILSON

Film Review

► **EXTRAVAGANT PRAISE** has been heaped upon Sir Laurence Olivier's production of *Richard III* and particularly upon the skill of his own performance which is a triumph of subtlety and consistency. This Richard is a Machiavelli, cleverer than his peers, delighting only in his evil machinations, a wit and confidence man of a villain—the most acutely dangerous of them all. The traditional monster appears when Olivier scuttles up stairs like a great black spider, swings down the bell-rope like an agile ape, and dies with the death touches of a spastic snake, or when he speaks in insidious tones recapturing the high nasal quality of Irving's voice.

The old guard of London's Shakespearean actors turn in performances of great polish but less passion. Sir Ralph Richardson's Buckingham conveys little, but Claire Bloom is exquisite as Anne; the wooing scene over her husband's coffin is the best in the film. Gielgud's Clarence may not be as good as Gielgud's Cassius but when does he not present a thoughtfully conceived performance?

It is senseless to quibble over any alterations in the original play—it is the prerogative of great actor-managers to use Shakespeare's works as a frame for their own creations, otherwise our theatre would be Chinese. Olivier has chosen to stick closest to Kean's version which he has edited to flow cinematically. However it remains an actor's picture, providing an evening of brilliant theatre but not a great movie. As a director Olivier has confused some issues. He recently stated that he attempted to make visual as many incidents as possible out of deference to the medium. For this reason the movie is about half an hour too long, incorporating the murders of Clarence and the princes, Buckingham's beheading and a few other incidents which might have been omitted. Having conceived of Richard as an intellectual and moral monster, Sir Laurence should have realized that gore is extraneous unless he believes that movie audiences are bereft of the imagination of theatregoers. In addition to the flatness of these scenes the battle is very anticlimactic and scattered in effect. One is left with the feeling that there was a purpose here but it is incompletely realized. The sets strike the same note, too functional—theatrical for Vista-Vision.

Fortunate the actor who sees his creations indelibly committed to celluloid. Possibly Sir Laurence Olivier is the Richard of our generation. Fortunate also the future generations who will have something other than hearsay by which to judge an important actor. And we shall have more of Sir Laurence since his films are financially successful and carry such prestige for the "new Elizabethans". Next on the agenda is *Macbeth*, a role he created this past year at Stratford which left English critics ecstatic in their praise, all of them declaring that this undoubtedly entitled him to wear supreme Shakespearean acting honors. At the same time they pointedly ignored Vivien Leigh's assay at Lady Macbeth, referring only to her costumes in some instances—faint praise indeed. Similar criticisms of her Cleopatra and Lavinia seem to indicate that she is not at her best in Shakespeare. Nonetheless Sir Laurence intends that she shall play Lady Macbeth in his film. The results should be interesting.

The outstanding characteristic of the actors highlighting

this film is the studied professional sheen with which they glow. In Olivier's case forty years of untiring artistic effort have produced an actor in perfect command of himself with technique so assimilated he can project the most fragile nuance at will. Could a voice crying in the wilderness suggest that this perfection may have smothered the fire within? His approach to Richard seems too intellectual and contrived if the play originally was designed to give the audience an emotional shudder. It may be that the applause of Mayfair society is inhibiting to an actor who could play a great Lear.

JOAN FOX

NFB

No Longer Vanishing _____ 16 & 35 mm. 28 mins. color
The Pony _____ 16 & 35 mm. 30 mins. b&w

► **ON THE RESERVATION** and in the cities, the place of the Indian in contemporary life is one of the most significant subjects film makers could put before the camera. For years the National Film Board has either ignored it or been prevented from making a great documentary of social analysis. The Board appears to have covered every aspect of Eskimo life; but of the Indians, their plight or their progress, we have been shown only their ceremonies and hunting skill. Some films (the most recent being *Bush Doctor*) have nervously included some pitiful scenes of their existence, but the full story has never been told. My hopes that *No Longer Vanishing* would make up for this empty page in the Board's otherwise fairly complete coverage of life in Canada were not fulfilled.

Writer-director-cameraman Grant McLean, working I would imagine under the heavy hand of the Indian Affairs Branch of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration (which sponsored the picture) and unimaginative Film Board executives (both departments it should be noted come under Pickersgill), has filmed a lagging series of episodes, each spaced by a long clumsy fade-out, showing how certain Indians have adapted themselves to different forms of work in the white man's world. Thus we get another film on fishing, farming, logging, construction and building.

There is nothing more, other than a hasty opening showing a dejected Indian family living in despair and poverty on a reservation, with a mother feeding a child which is covered with flies. But this is not what the Indian Affairs officials want audiences to see, and, in any case the commentary implies, this is the Indians' own fault for they will not help themselves. The non-stop commentary, one of the worst Leslie McFarlane has written, is unknowledgeable and condescending, and read by John Drainie in his customary flat and expressionless voice.

To those persons who discriminate against the Indians and cannot bring themselves to believe that they are capable of doing everyday jobs, this picture may be of value in enlightening them; but does this have to take up almost thirty minutes of running time in a clumsily realized picture? Without proper narrative development, out of balance and one-sided, unfelt and unobserved, this self-satisfied and complacent treatment of a subject full of human drama, thought and feeling, is a disgrace to the sponsor and the NFB. I am not surprised that a print has never been made available to the Board's Toronto office. The color photography has occasional moments of beauty.

The Pony is one of the Board's attempts at making a story film. Written and directed by Lawrence Cherry and photographed by John Foster, it concerns two children on a mechanized Saskatchewan farm, who buy a pony against the wishes of their father, and try to keep it hidden in the barn. Naturally it is discovered, the father relents, and then buys

a second pony. The acting by the children is pleasing, but the grown-ups are rather stilted and self-conscious. The children do not react with the enthusiasm one would expect in such a situation and the story, quiet and charming though it is, is over-long and unfolded on a monotonous level. Regrettably the liveliness and exhilaration of *A Musician in the Family* is missing. But such efforts should not be discouraged in view of the Board's apparent willingness to abandon fictional story films, for such pictures are valuable if their creators learn from them the difficult techniques of making dramatized narratives with actors, dialogue and sound.

In brief: The Lively Pond (10 mins. 35mm. Canada Carries On series) is an interesting camera close-up by William Carrick of insects, animals and plants that might be found in any country pond. The color is excellent and the magnified photography of wriggling, crawling creatures will give audiences the shivers. John Drainie reads the commentary. Perhaps the NFB's move to Montreal will be to good advantage if, as a result, it discovers there are other commentators available.

GERALD PRATLEY.

Correspondence

The Editor: Thanks for sending the *Forum* during the last eight or nine months. For many years I enjoyed reading the *Forum* but for the last year or so not so much, partly for the same reason that Professor Frank Scott mentioned in a recent letter.

However, the feeling about the paper came to a head with the cartoon and the article "The Lion in the Coliseum," about Billy Graham. Candidly I thought they were mean, contemptible and smart alecky. Surely a man who affected millions, including the traditionally called unemotional, hard headed folk in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Oxford, Cambridge etc.; encouraged by the archbishop of Canterbury, preached to and dined with the Queen is entitled to more consideration. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

In case Dr. Graham should have specimens like the above artist and writer in his audiences I am sending the five dollars to his office in Winnipeg with the hope that their conceit may be replaced with humility.

I have been fond of poetry all my life but ninety-five per cent of the stuff in the *Forum* inclines me to use my wits and obtain some pleasure by learning the Chinese language or the Differential Calculus.

D. M. Kinnear, Montreal, P.Q.

Books Reviewed

ARCTIC COMMAND; THE STORY OF SMELLIE OF THE NASCOPIE: Roland Wild; Ryerson; pp. 194; illustrations; \$4.00.

The library of northern lore is growing rapidly. Roland Wild has chosen an important and fascinating episode from it to treat in this biography of the master of the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship which, for more than a quarter of a century, was the lifeline of the Company's trading posts in the remote Arctic.

It is a pity that out of this material Mr. Wild has not been able to weave a more satisfying tale. Captain Smellie made a great contribution to the development of the Canadian north, but no tribute to his work can justify the completely uncritical panegyrics which form the contents of this book. Mr. Wild, whose previous works include a *Life of*

Maharaja Ranjitsinhji of Nawanger and a *Life of Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett* does not claim the intimate knowledge of the Canadian north which Captain Smellie surely deserves in his biography.

Captain Smellie might most interestingly have been seen as part of an era, an era now passed. It was the time when the Canadian north was more a no man's land than part of Canada. The exploitation of the fur trade by men of other lands often excluded concern for the growing problems of the future of the northern third of Canada. The Canadian citizens of the Arctic — the Eskimos — could be treated with the Kiplingesque arrogance of another century and another corner of Empire. For example, the book quotes with apparent approval the practice of the Yorkshire Captain when in port, "he threw them English hard candy and the cigars which they love, laughing gaily all the time and highly amused at the old Eskimo woman who puffed and chewed her cigar with gusto." Mr. Wild suggests, however, that Captain Smellie's amused contempt, loving or unloving, was no narrow prejudice against the Eskimos—it spills over to include virtually all Canadians mentioned. The depths of bitterness are reserved for members of the Royal Mounted Police who themselves were capable of some remarkable sailing. Perhaps ironically, in the course of bringing Canadian law and administration to the Arctic, the Police were then beginning the struggle with the complex problems brought about by the entry of European civilization into the land of the Eskimos.

The style of the book sometimes is irritatingly ingratiating. Abandoning any attempt to set forth the career of the *Nascopie* or its Master against the background of the land and peoples where she worked, the story loses its chronological sequence in a welter of anecdotes. Some of these are trivial, some revealing, but all seem designed to contribute to the adulation of the subject.

It is curious, therefore, that in some respects Mr. Wild gives the Captain less than his due. For instance, he (and indeed the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company who has written a foreword) persists in describing the *Nascopie* as an icebreaker, which it was not. The more is the credit to the Master for the feats of navigation he accomplished in an ice-strengthened vessel which was a good deal less secure than a fully equipped icebreaker against the ruthless strength of Arctic ice.

The really interesting and important book about the *Nascopie* and its times is yet to be written. We may hope that it will be undertaken with a little more detachment and considerably more perspective.

R. A. J. Phillips



Seasonal Malady

April has been feminine to my masculine mood.
 Impersonal solicitude,
 Maternal mannerisms, ad nauseam;
 She finds me standing by a nude
 Painting in a city museum,
 Knowing a grim satisfaction in dead delights
 And live sorrows. She weaves new robes
 For naked trees on moonless nights
 With puritan zeal, and probes
 The ghost of pain until it grieves:
 An incestuous murmuring of leaves
 In startled moonlight, stirred
 By a neuter wind, remembering antique frost.
 And love is only an unfortunate word
 With its meaning lost.
 I will create an artificial hunger in my heart,
 Abandon all the little laws
 By which we sicken gradually—and when we part,
 I will survive my love's indifferent menopause.
 And in a far city or a forgotten book,
 The tension in a woman's look
 Is tangible, and may be found
 Above a mountain's silence or the clatter
 Of cities—meet in mid-air and shatter,
 With a crystal sound.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Achilles' Laughter

Beneath the vein of independent joys
 And shadowed by the shading of a smile,
 In dormancy of childhood's dream-borne toys,
 Long buried now within the ghost-fringed pile,
 Thin amulets of anchored moments sway
 When goaded by familiar winds of pain.
 For barriers are split by night or day,
 And winds cut sharper in the evening rain.

One error of a laugh through naked tears
 Reveals the facade with a fatal flash
 Of starving flame that pitilessly sears
 This curtain, fingering it to ash.
 A single slacking of the taut display
 Begs passage on a guileless holiday.

Lee Richard Hayman

Childhood

It is snow-shine in my head.
 The wolves track down the Christmas Past.
 By gong and by knell whipped by snow
 I invoke here the childhood of castles in Spain
 Acid of blue years
 Softness of fire with hempen fingers
 Candles and squeaky reed-pipes
 of the refrain of olden times
 musicbox of dying civilizations.

The world ebbs away like the tide
 as one thinks more and sees less.

Gilles Hénault (Translated from the French
 by Jean Beaupré and Gael Turnbull)

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Death and Dawn

As I was looking at the moon
 Five nights ago from a darkened barn
 Three cats were glaring from the corn—
 Shrieking to the fluttering dark
 Again and again.
 Filtered by a cob-webbed pane
 The moon danced voluptuous on the floor
 And wailed in the sounding cavern of my brain.

The echoes crunched over granite crags
 Exciting the sensual ritual in the valley
 Where a tall man with october hair
 Was dying in the freezing air
 And hermits, ravished by the moon,
 Waved their leaping torches in the wind.

To the high north above the cloudy valley
 Barren mountains complained of sterile snow.
 Lower, the rocks were damp with moss
 and wet colts-foot, slushy with beetles,
 Ponded the moistened ground.
 The human victim was as quiet as a needle.
 My feet grated on the gravel track
 And the tide was heavy in a distant bay.

But in the barn the cats were lounging
 Down the earthy-smelling ladder,
 And the cocks, arched against the east,
 Summoned their tall king from a dark valley.

Stephen Pike.

With Fire, With Wine

With fire, with wine
 with love and gardens
 with faces from the other side of silence
 I have peopled the landscape of the wave
 without memory
 And you were there
 Ship without pennants
 Ship without boatmen, even
 though you were there
 Fluttering wings of your presence
 Butterfly of the nights
 And only words separated us
 Niagara thundering in the void
 Diaphanous snow
 bridge of ice above the dawn
 And to grasp you, only the hand of dreams.
 The tree of presence has made you ripe
 more than the grapes of desire.
 I go back through the ages like a great totem
 Lamps are merely symbols
 The sphinx reads the messages of smiles.

Man takes root in the mould
 which transforms poppies into opium.

Gilles Hénault (Translated from the French
 by Jean Beaupré and Gael Turnbull)

Hero's Reward

For this he quartered flaming skies,
 outwitting gremlins, dodging flak,
 nor guessed the fate awaiting him,
 his lousy lot if he came back—

to walk a dog a dirty night
 and guard it from the muddy ditch
 and lead it home again and see
 it cuddled by a scolding bitch. George Walton.

THE DARK EYE IN AFRICA: Laurens van der Post; Clarke, Irwin (The Hogarth Press); pp. 159; \$1.80.

Laurens van der Post's most recent "venture to the interior" is an exploration of the sources of racial conflict in Africa. The book consists of material originally used in a lecture to a group of psychologists in Zurich in 1954, plus answers to questions raised by the audiences there and in other European centres. The author apparently owes a good deal to Jungian psychology, but he writes in entirely non-technical language and an ignorance of Jung is no barrier to understanding the book.

According to this discussion, the growing crisis in the relations of black and white men in Africa is a projection of a civil war within western man. The primitive qualities of the African represent a side of human nature which the white man has rejected in himself, and which he is now trying to stamp out in the black man as well, thus impoverishing both races. In an excess of rationalism and devotion to science civilized man has turned his back on his inner light, on "the natural fire within the dark wood of life." In taking his rationalistic culture to Africa, western man has robbed the African of the old expressions of his soul; now, in refusing to allow the black man to enter fully into the benefits and the best traditions of his western way of life, he is depriving him of the possibility of having a soul at all. Among the greatest losses the African has suffered are the loss of his intuitive response to nature and his spontaneous laughter. The Mau-Mau movement must be understood as the most dramatic and tragic example of the African's desperate struggle to hang on to his soul. Paraphrasing Jung, the author asserts that "the aspect of themselves which human beings sacrifice in the attainment of a given object in their lives is reborn *alive* and comes back after many years, knife in hand, demanding to sacrifice that which sacrificed it."

If western man could realize that his hostility is really to the shadow-self, the "dark brother" within himself which he has sacrificed too long for his own good, the encounter of black and white in Africa could be an opportunity for modern man to understand his true being more fully than he has for many generations. This is not to say that civilized man must reject all of western culture, but only that he must end that "sabotage of the fourth dimension" which makes him neglect "the great imponderables" in himself and therefore in others. In his consideration of the imponderables Col. van der Post makes some interesting comments on the significance of myths in the history of racial and religious groups, especially on the role of the myth of the Great Trek in shaping the attitudes of his fellow Afrikaaners.

This is a moving book. It is closer to poetry than to social analysis. Therefore, perhaps it is gratuitous to say that the author is far too often carried away into a personal mysticism which was more illuminating in earlier books describing his reaction to the forces of nature in Central Africa than it is in this discussion of a complex pattern of human relations. But for all that, Col. van der Post has probably furthered his aim of helping white men to think and feel in a new way about themselves in Africa.

Margaret Prang.

PIONEER INNS AND TAVERNS (Second Volume): Edwin C. Guillet; Ontario Publishing Co., Limited; pp. xvi - 336; 256 Illustrations; \$10.

This is the second of four volumes the author plans to print on pioneer inns and taverns. "The Province of Quebec, the Ottawa Valley, with special reference to the New York-Buffalo route via the Hudson River and the Erie Canal," is the terrain covered in this one.

It is not the type of book one analyzes for the art of the writing, or for its philosophical or psychological content. It is the story of pioneer hostelry, where they were located, who

operated them, who patronized them, and things related to their existence, such as the methods of transportation between them. Would you know what stage-coach travel was like in 1830, then read this from Fanny Kemble: "... and away went we after them bumping, thumping, jumping, jolting, shaking, tossing and tumbling over the wickedest road—I do think the cruellest hardest-hearted road—that ever wheel rumbled upon. Through bog and marsh, and ruts, wider and deeper than any christian ruts I ever saw, with roots of trees protruding across our path, their boughs every now and then giving us an affectionate scratch through the windows; and more than once a half-demolished trunk or stump lying in the middle of the road."

In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries it would appear most literate Britishers visiting America returned home and wrote of their travels in books, magazines or letters to the papers. These reports in general were not flattering. Some of them must have reached America, for many innkeepers showed a studied insolence when an English visitor appeared and many of the latter must have come nigh busting with spleen at their reception. Copious quotations from these writings is the body of this book, and they bring many a smile and occasionally outright laughter at the episodes related and discomfiture experienced by the principals involved. (This could be the malicious merriment of a present-day Socialist.)

That the visitors had justifiable complaints no one could dispute. Private accommodation for sleeping was the exception in pioneer taverns, with guests frequently being bedded down with from 4 to 40 in a common room. Anyone knowing how snorers and moaners can bedevil the night, may smile, but must sympathize. In cruder inns, such as those of Bytown (Ottawa) in the early days of lumbering, going to bed was only for softies. The tough ones stood at the bar until standing was difficult, then just slid to the floor for the night's rest.

At the large common dining table, too, overseas visitors

JUNE
30



JULY
14

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To rot and wrinkle, one with grass and clay,
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(Autumn)

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A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS: JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY: M. R. Brailsford; Hart-Davis; pp. 301; \$3.35.

Miss Brailsford has dedicated her fine biography of the Wesley brothers to her own distinguished brother who turned his back on "all this". She herself has turned her back on only half of this—that half being the Methodist movement itself. She is not greatly in sympathy with this great religious and social movement of the eighteenth century which covered the face of England with ugly chapels. While rejecting the spirit of Methodism, she gives insights into the deficiency of its halfwayness: socially up and down, economically critical and complacent, ecclesiastically in and out, imaginatively for and against. This is enough to explain why Methodism is no longer a living protestant language. Miss Brailsford suggests a greater sympathy with George Fox and the more poetic and positive values in Quakerism, — its firm pacifism, its confidence in the everyday light of the imagination. Her compromising espousal of Charles Wesley's hymns is rather off key. In making the story of Methodism the background of her biographical studies, Miss Brailsford has, I believe, depended strongly on those interpretations of the movement first laid down by Southey in his significant life of Wesley. However out of fashion he may be now, Southey merits admission at least to the index of those books that use him.

With a reasonable disdain for ideas and movements, Miss Brailsford has given her attention to society and family and person, in a moment when personal relations were taking on a new degree of intensity,—an intensity which would reflect upon nineteenth century England and America and beyond. Perhaps the first value of her study is her awareness of these disturbing new social tones. She is charmingly alert to English atmospheres and landscapes as background of feeling. It is fortunate for her writing that the Wesleys came only once to America, which, new country that it was, still provided "dust" to be shaken from fleeing feet. The fine drama of her biography begins really after the Methodist movement was well under way, with Charles and John both in their forties—both ready in a sense to fulfill certain cruelties and confusions. Now it is that Charles, a short time married to a beautiful young heiress of a pious Welsh estate, sets about, with the assistance of a Disraelian ally, to reorganize the marriage of John to the dubious and neurotic Grace Murray who had for some years been the unconventional companion

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Two further quotes, I think, indicate the ultimate practicality of this book. One refers to a proposed season of actual play production: "Of course there is danger for our theatre, the most stimulating of all . . . the danger of artistic failure. At the first sign of stodginess in any season, all booking will be cancelled and the company paid off and dispersed." A final comment, which might reflect the good professor's ultimate ideal, is: "Perhaps it would be best just to read the plays aloud."

Donald Harron

A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS: JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY: M. R. Brailsford; Hart-Davis; pp. 301; \$3.35.

Miss Brailsford has dedicated her fine biography of the Wesley brothers to her own distinguished brother who turned his back on "all this". She herself has turned her back on only half of this—that half being the Methodist movement itself. She is not greatly in sympathy with this great religious and social movement of the eighteenth century which covered the face of England with ugly chapels. While rejecting the spirit of Methodism, she gives insights into the deficiency of its halfway-ness: socially up and down, economically critical and complacent, ecclesiastically in and out, imaginatively for and against. This is enough to explain why Methodism is no longer a living protestant language. Miss Brailsford suggests a greater sympathy with George Fox and the more poetic and positive values in Quakerism, — its firm pacifism, its confidence in the everyday light of the imagination. Her compromising espousal of Charles Wesley's hymns is rather off key. In making the story of Methodism the background of her biographical studies, Miss Brailsford has, I believe, depended strongly on those interpretations of the movement first laid down by Southey in his significant life of Wesley. However out of fashion he may be now, Southey merits admission at least to the index of those books that use him.

With a reasonable distain for ideas and movements, Miss Brailsford has given her attention to society and family and person, in a moment when personal relations were taking on a new degree of intensity,—an intensity which would reflect upon nineteenth century England and America and beyond. Perhaps the first value of her study is her awareness of these disturbing new social tones. She is charmingly alert to English atmospheres and landscapes as background of feeling. It is fortunate for her writing that the Wesleys came only once to America, which, new country that it was, still provided "dust" to be shaken from fleeing feet. The fine drama of her biography begins really after the Methodist movement was well under way, with Charles and John both in their forties—both ready in a sense to fulfill certain cruelties and confusions. Now it is that Charles, a short time married to a beautiful young heiress of a pious Welsh estate, sets about, with the perversity of a Richardson villain, to prevent the marriage of John to the dubious and neurotic Grace Murray who had for some years been the unconventional companion of the great itinerant preacher. The brothers' discord subsides into each one's personal and separate sorrows:—for Charles, a home ravaged with smallpox. From these positions one

might move to reconciliation. The child emerges in the final pages of Miss Brailsford's story,—the same child which appears everywhere in the last completed moments of eighteenth century culture. In 1771 Charles moved his family to a fine London house (lent by a great lady) where his boys might be launched into London's musical world. To these nephews John Wesley was an understanding uncle, particularly understanding of likings for girls from other social spheres. Miss Brailsford's tale is resolved in the kind of beauty she anticipates in her early account of Wesley brothers attending Westminster School, away from home.

But what likeness could there be between that low-raftered room lit by the leaping firelight, and the great Abbey, with its pillars soaring up into the darkness, where the white surplices of the choir-boys imprisoned the candleflames in a pool of light . . . ?

Kenneth MacLean

TALKS WITH GREAT COMPOSERS: Arthur M. Abell; Philosophical Library; pp. 167; \$2.75. (U.S.A.)

Something that has puzzled musical laymen for many years is the question, what makes a composer tick? Is there such a thing as inspiration and, if so, what is it?

All these things Mr. Abell was determined to find out and perhaps no one was given a better opportunity. Living, as he did, as a correspondent in Germany from 1890 to 1918, he met, among others, such giants and near-giants as Brahms, Joachim, Richard Strauss, Puccini, Humperdinck, Bruch and Grieg. To all of them he directed the same question: What is your source of inspiration?

Of all the answers, that of Brahms is the fullest, or perhaps it should be said Brahms is quoted more extensively than the others, mainly because Mr. Abell managed to bring Brahms and Joachim to his home and started them talking in the presence of a bilingual stenographer. The other conversations are less complete, not being stenographically reported but rather in the style of a newspaper interview with frequent pauses while the author committed the answers to paper.

It is interesting to see how similar all the answers are. There are characteristic differences in expression but they all boil down to the same thing. As Puccini says: "The great secret of all creative geniuses is that they possess that power to appropriate the beauty, the wealth, the grandeur, and the sublimity contained within their own souls, which are parts of Omnipotence, and to communicate those riches to others. The conscious, purposeful appropriation of one's own soul forces is the supreme secret."

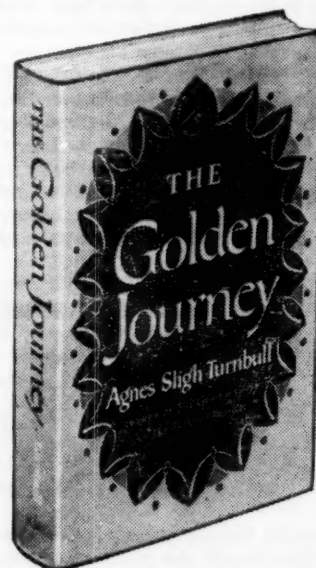
There is a certain starry-eyed naivety about much of this book. There also is a distressing amount of reference to "accompanying photographs" that simply are not there, which with many typographical errors, display most careless preparation.

Godfrey Ridout

THE LOST SHEEP: Henry Bordeaux; Macmillan; pp. 130; \$2.95.

Distinguished for his acute psychological penetration, Henri Bordeaux, now in his eighties, recalls what must remain fundamental for a good Catholic Savoyard. The solid virtues — and the solid vices — of narrow provincial life dominate this book. The people who possess them are mere shells. There is no shading in the characterization: Joachim, a jealous, unforgiving brute, becomes in minutes a repentant, loving husband. Péronne is the universal village gossip, La Ruchère the universal village. Mélanie is not a woman, but the symbol of the threat of adultery and unforgiveness to the sanctity of the home — Bordeaux's most tested formula. To the sophisticated, *The Lost Sheep* will appear moralistic, priggish and dull, clearly written by the man who translated *Maud Muller* into French prose.

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Artistically, nothing is left to the imagination. The biblical reference in the title, and the metaphor of the mountain goat, are pursued and revived constantly for the reader who, in a novel of 130 pages, is not likely to escape the point. It is a simple story, and an old one — unexciting and depressingly respectable.

Alan Wilson

GREEK LYRICS: translated by Richmond Lattimore; University of Toronto Press; (University of Chicago Press); pp. 52; \$2.25.

The study of the Classics today suffers from the failure of its interpreters to reach beyond a limited audience of scholars and teachers. Professor Lattimore is happily not of this number, and his present volume is a worthy addition to his series of excellent modern translations of the great classical writers.

His book has the supreme virtue of being extremely readable. Those interested in poetry for its own sake need have no fear of a formidable array of scholarly footnotes; the author offers metrical translations, and his book should go far in making representative works of the Greek lyric poets familiar to a wide circle of readers.

The poems read so simply and directly that it is easy to forget the great amount of scholarly effort and literary skill that has gone into the creation of this short volume. The lyric poets of early Greece, who wrote in various dialects and complicated meters, and whose texts are ill-preserved and faulty, are considered among the most difficult writers to render adequately yet faithfully in translation.

When these difficulties are overcome, as Professor Lattimore has masterfully overcome them, the reader is richly rewarded. The poems give vivid pictures of life in an age vastly different from our own, while treating with remarkable directness the problems that have always confronted mankind. Theognis complains, "Money, and nothing but money, holds all the power in the world." Many other types of poems are also represented, ranging from single-line epigrams to odes six pages in length. There are pithy and amusing satires on woman, appeals to military valor and patriotism, frank avowals of hedonism and drinking songs, and, above all, powerful and moving expressions of the emotion of love, where Sappho is preeminent.

The short notes at the end of the volume are confined almost exclusively to biographical details of the poets' lives, as it is the book's purpose to let the poets speak for themselves. Professor Lattimore has most ably assisted them to lay their fascinating wares before a discriminating modern audience.

Hugh F. Graham



Joshua Doan

By Gladys F. Lewis, author of *The Black Stallion and the Red Mare*. The drama of conflicting loyalties in a passionate and idealistic nature rises to epic heights in this exciting and deeply moving historical novel. It is the story of the Quaker community in southwestern Ontario during the Duncombe Rising, a little-known phase of the Mackenzie Rebellion in 1837 in Upper Canada. \$3.50

THE RYERSON PRESS

299 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO 2-B

DUST OVER THE CITY: Andre Langevin; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 215, \$3.50.

This novel by a young French-Canadian concerns itself with a sordid triangle involving a young doctor, his incredible bride and a truckdriver in a northern Quebec mining community. This is undoubtedly the most depressing setting the present reviewer has encountered in many miles of fiction. There is a not unsuccessful attempt to plumb the depths of the young husband's misery, but for the most part the characters hardly seem worth all the agony. We hope to see this writer climb above the soap opera level with his next novel.

H. T. K.

THE RICE-SPROUT SONG: Eileen Chang; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 182; \$3.65.

This novelette about the lives of some Chinese peasants under Communist domination is movingly and beautifully written. The simplicity of these peasant lives is expressed with the same sort of economy one finds in oriental drawings, and with a biblical sort of authority.

The plot is focused on one of the starving families of a village which is being robbed of food to sustain the system, and on the final tragic results of a hunger riot in which they are involved. The story is relieved by touches of earthy humour and by some fine satirical passages describing what passes for thought in the mind of a young Communist official sent to the village to "Elevate Political Awareness". To make the acquaintance of Gold Root, Moon Scent and Sister-in-Law Gold Have Got is an experience which tells us more about the personal effects of the new regime in China than a hundred political articles could. The writer, a young Chinese woman, knows her people well. She escaped to Hong Kong to write about them, and this is her first novel in English.

H. T. K.

THE LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS: Frances Malory Wykes; Macmillan; pp. 148; \$2.75.

It is Ellen Winter, living her life of concentrated isolation and obsessed with the presence of her dead son, that makes this novel unusual. The other characters in the book often interest us — indeed, exist for us — only in so far as she touches or is touched by them. Only a clever writer could

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NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

have combined in Mrs. Winter the qualities of sensitivity and coarseness, intelligence and dullness, and convinced us by the picture. Mrs. Winter is both damned and damning, and we pity while we loathe her.

The story reveals what a warped sorrow can do to a woman, and what she in turn can do to the lives of those about her. "It is as if Fate had dried up the springs, as if the vital blood had run out." Ellen Winter has several looking-glasses, but the most chilling is found when she looks into the face of a criminal and calmly recognizes herself. "... it was apparent that people were not *alive* to him; he did not belong to that category. They seemed to him like the grasses through which a snake moves. He was the snake."

Possibly the events in this book need not have been quite so violent or melodramatic. Mrs. Winter's mind is such a frightening thing that they often seem by comparison both secondary and superfluous.

Marjorie Wilson

PACTOMANIA

(Continued from front page)

taken notion that solutions which seem to have worked in Europe must inevitably succeed elsewhere. As such it does not hold very much promise in an area where by far the largest number of states and people distrusts it and views it as a sort of corporate and modified successor to the colonial powers. By confusing the threat of Russian and/or Chinese expansion with that of the appeal of communist ideology (albeit supported by the expansionist tendencies of two powerful states) SEATO encourages an unrealistic assessment of Asian problems. In giving the appearance of a viable military alliance it lulls us into a false sense of security. Pactomania has become a new variant of the Maginot Line psychology. Furthermore it encourages us to emphasize short run aspects of world tensions, and to disregard the really long run problems.

The foregoing criticism would be irresponsible were it to suggest that there is not, in Asia, a problem of military defence. There is, and it must be solved, but the solution must be worked out in Asian, not in European or American terms. The one bright spot about the recent conference is only indirectly connected with SEATO: Mr. Dulles, in his talks with Asian leaders following the conference, particularly with Dr. Sukarno of Indonesia, has shown a greater awareness of Asian needs and sensibilities than he has exhibited before. It may be one of the tragedies of his life (and that of the West) that his previous actions and words have so ruined his reputation in Asia that those who listen hear him not.

JOHN MEISEL

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

D. M. L. FARR is assistant professor of history at Carleton College and the author of *The Colonial Office and Canada 1867-1887* (1955) . . . KILDARE R. E. DOBBS is with the editorial department of the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto . . . GERALD PRATLEY, whose NFB contribution has appeared regularly in our pages since 1952, prepares programs for the CBC . . . JOSEPH BENOIT lives in Providence, R.I. . . Last year CARLYLE KING, head of English Dept., the University of Saskatchewan, edited an anthology entitled, *Saskatchewan Harvest* (McClelland & Stewart).

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By Malcolm G. Taylor,
Assistant Professor of Political Science,
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